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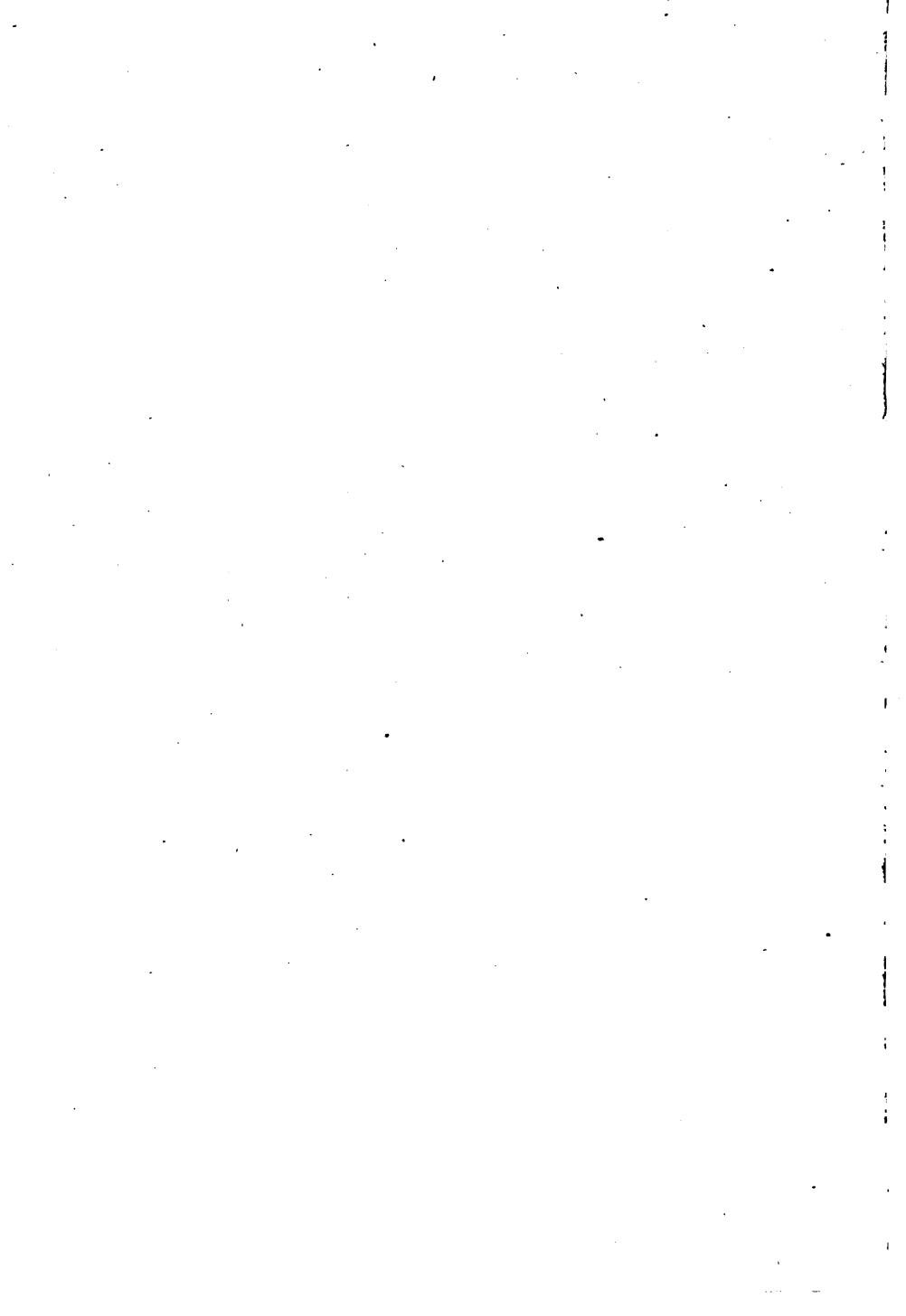
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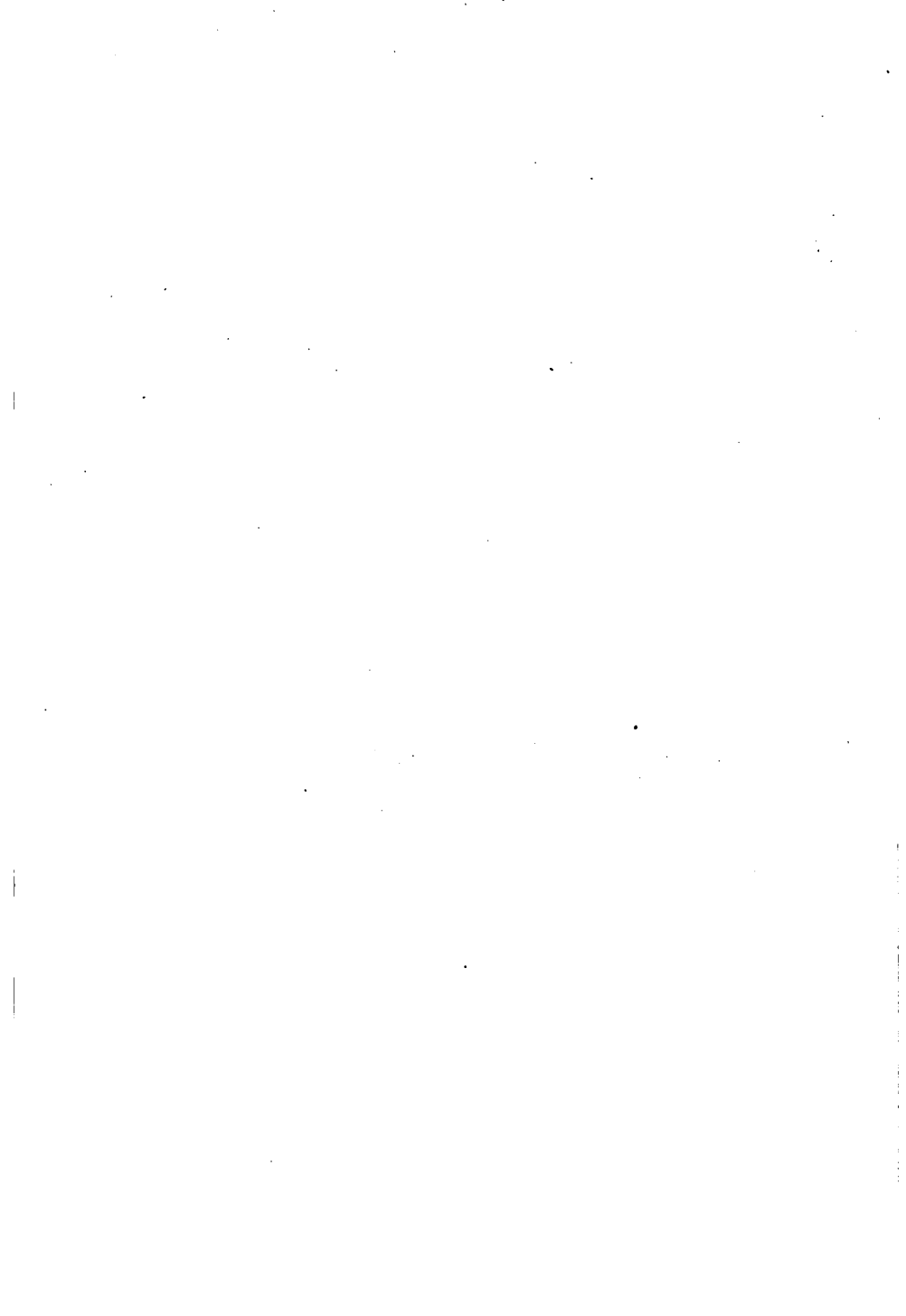
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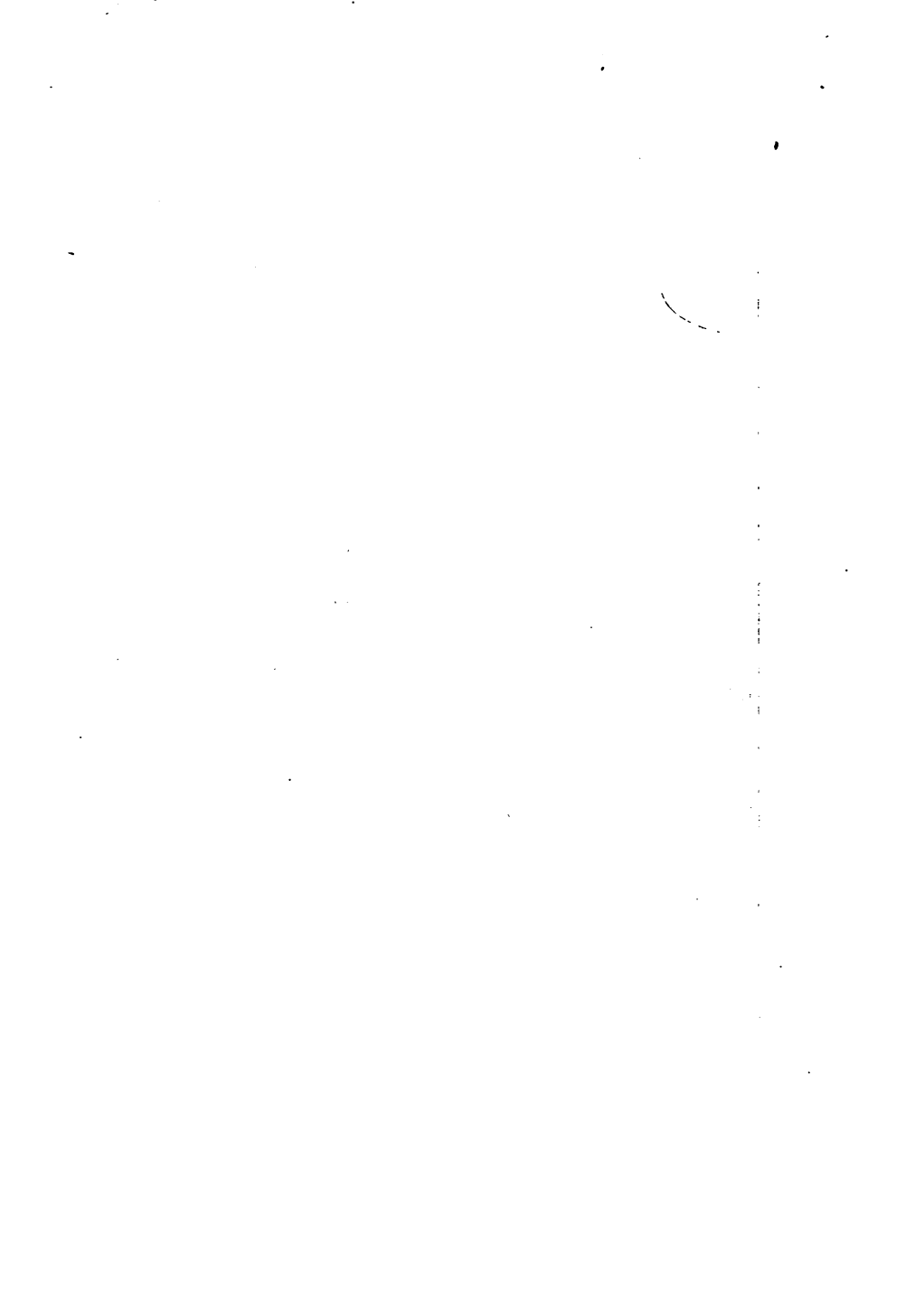














LUCY BROWN REYNOLDS.

Drops of Spray
From Southern Seas.

BY

LUCY BROWN REYNOLDS.

WATERVILLE, ME.:
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1896.

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In Memory of My Mother,
Who Died at Sea,
After a Long and Painful Illness,
I Dedicate This Book.



DROPS OF SPRAY FROM SOUTHERN SEAS.

CHAPTER I.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

I was born in the prosperous town of Milbridge, Maine, situated on the Narraguagus River, five miles from the open sea, and to me the dearest place on earth. My father was a sea captain, James Brown by name, who always went on deep sea voyages and who, unlike the majority of captains, was glad to have his family accompany him.

Our family at that time consisted of my mother, my sister Annie, two years my senior, and myself. We lived in a very pretty house overlooking the blue waters of the bay. The large yard in front of the house, enclosed

by a white fence, made a fine playground. In this yard were a number of large, tall trees, any one of which I could climb, even to its top, with the exception of a big poplar which stood exactly in the center of the yard and whose smooth trunk defied my utmost efforts. My sister never climbed trees nor swung on the gate. She was quiet and sedate and always exercised a motherly care over me, who was a sad tomboy, I fear, always up to some mischief or other.

A short distance from our home was a creek spanned by a wooden bridge, at low tide a fascinating spot in which to play. We children were generally forbidden to play there but sometimes we would steal off without asking permission. At low tide the ledges were left high and dry, with little pools of water in the hollows in which sported tiny, silvery minnows. We called these our children and carried them about from one pool to another. Across the creek lay a large flat rock, the surface of which was worn as smooth as glass from the constant friction of the water which at this point was swift. Even at low tide this rock was covered to a depth of several inches.

We used to see who could walk across that rock without falling in, a feat which was extremely difficult, and which I never remember to have accomplished, as the rock was covered with a slimy, green moss. I would start with the firm determination to cross that rock or

die and I would generally get about half way when down I would go with a splash and when I scrambled out the starch would be taken out of me as well as my clean dress, which mother had put on only that morning, with strict injunctions to keep away from that creek and not soil my clothes. And as I thought of the whipping which loomed up before me, my heart sank and my fun for that day was over.

Did any of my readers ever witness a launching? To those who never have I will say that you have missed a grand spectacle. Milbridge used to be a great ship-building town, sometimes as many as four large vessels being launched in one year. The business is still carried on to some extent there but steamers are largely crowding sailing vessels out. There is as much excitement about a launching as there is when a big circus comes to town and everybody turns out to see the parade. On the all-important day crowds begin to gather early in the morning so as to make sure and not miss it. The launching usually takes place about ten o'clock in the morning. If school is keeping the pupils are given a holiday. They all hurry to the shipyard. The ways have been well slushed to enable the vessel to glide over them easily. How handsome, how stately she is, covered with her flags and streamers which flutter gaily in the bright sunshine. How we envied the favored few on her decks and wished ourselves among them. The lady

chosen for the honor of christening the vessel stands in the bow with a bottle of wine in her hands, gaily decorated with ribbon streamers of red, white and blue.

Off in the stream the tugboat waits, impatient for its fair charge. Now comes the ringing sound of axes, blow on blow. The men are hard at work knocking out the wedges. At last, all are out but one. Only that small wedge holds the vast structure back. It's a dangerous piece of work to knock that remaining wedge out. One man seizes his axe, knocks it out, and with lightning-like rapidity springs back out of the reach of the falling timbers. She starts, gathering headway every instant, while ringing cheers from the crowded yard rend the air. She strikes the water with a swift rush, sending a huge green wave curling from under her stern. As she moves she is christened, the bottle of wine goes crashing across her bows, and the ruby fluid trickles down over her white coat of paint. The tug catches and holds her fast, and now she rests quietly on the calm water, looking like a stately swan, so beautiful, so graceful is she. Presently she is towed to the wharf, where she will take in ballast for New York or Boston.

No matter how many launchings one has seen, one never tires. There seems to be a subtle fascination about them somehow.

How odd the yard looks after it is over. Imagine a

big meeting house in process of construction for months, and, finally being completed, suddenly removed, and you will have a fair idea of how deserted a shipyard looks after a launching.

Then there were the picnics, down among the Islands. What enjoyable times they were! Trafton's Island was generally chosen, as it was easy of access and had a beautiful grove, which sloped down to the water's edge, and a fine stretch of sandy beach. There would be generally eight or ten families invited on these excursions. Sometimes we would have a chowder, sometimes a clam-bake. If a chowder was decided on, then the men would take the boat and proceed down the bay, where cod, haddock, and a number of other varieties of fish abounded, while the women set the tables and made everything ready. Nothing ever tasted half so good to me as did those delicious chowders, eaten under the trees, with the sound of the surf in our ears as it broke gently on the beach, and the salt breeze blowing in our faces. In the afternoon we children would play games, or wander along the shore, gathering shells or tiny colored rocks. Sometimes we would find a beautiful pink starfish, which had been cast up by the waves. But in spite of their beauty, we would pass them by, as their odor is anything but agreeable. And so, all too quickly, the day fades into the dim eternity, and when the moon rises, smiling and serene, and begins her journey across

the heavens, changing the waters of the bay into a sheet of silvery radiance, we turn our faces homeward, enlivening the way with song and merry chat. I was always sorry when we reached the wharf, and our long, pleasant day was gone.

Another favorite spot for picnics is Baldwin Head, which is reached by teams. For those who enjoy surf bathing it is an ideal spot, as the surf is very heavy. I remember one day in particular, when a party of merry people were quietly enjoying their dinner, there suddenly rolled up a terrific thunder shower. The hailstones, as large as robins' eggs, demolished their pies, spoiled their dinner, and frightened their horses, so that they were obliged to make all speed for home.

Then in September there would be excursions to the great Blueberry Plains of Cherryfield, situated about sixteen miles from Milbridge. We would start very early in the morning, and arrive there about time for dinner. That over, the fun would commence. Such a sight! For miles and miles stretch the Plains, with scarcely a tree in sight, and the ground fairly blue with the berries. And such berries! Large, sweet and juicy. Whole families, among the poorer classes, pitch their tents here during the season and do a prosperous business picking the berries for the numerous canning factories.

CHAPTER II.

YELLOW JACK.

I went to sea from earliest infancy, and always enjoyed it. Mother used to say I was more at home on the water than I was on the land.

I will relate a few incidents which happened at this period of my life, from notes furnished me by my father. We were in Havana, when the yellow fever or Yellow Jack, as it is called, was raging with great fury and hundreds were dying every day. I was two years old at the time. One after another of our crew was stricken down with the dread scourge, until barely enough remained to work the ship. Our only hope lay in getting out to sea, away from this pesthole. So father made all haste to conclude his business on shore and get away. On the last trip ashore he had to make he was suddenly stricken down. He was brought back on board, and gave orders to put to sea at once. His orders were carried out by the remaining two or three men who were still unscathed. If a gale had suddenly sprung up, as

frequently happens in this region, we probably should have all gone to the bottom, as there weren't men enough to work the vessel properly. At the end of a week, every soul on board, myself included, was down with the sole exception of mother. Happily, none died and as the fever works very rapidly, those who had been taken first were now able to crawl weakly around, and see to things after a fashion and, as the weather continued fine, we passed safely through the crisis.

When I was five years old we were again in Cuba, where I very nearly lost my life. Our vessel, the brig *Tariffa*, lay at anchor in the stream, discharging her cargo by lighters. The harbor fairly swarmed with sharks, and one could see them gliding along on every side, their dorsal fins cleaving the water like knives. Father usually went on shore in the morning, returning at six o'clock. He never failed to bring us something nice from shore, and we used to watch eagerly for his return. The day came when the last lighter load was about to start shoreward, and we were all on deck watching our own boat, which had just put out from the wharf and was rapidly nearing us. I had been eating a banana and ran to the opposite side of the deck to throw the skin overboard. As I dashed up against the ropes which were fastened across the gangway, and were old and rotten, they parted, and I shot through them and struck the water between the lighter and the vessel.

Oh, that awful gurgling in my ears, that awful suffocation! Shall I ever forget it? Young as I was, it will remain stamped on my memory while life lasts. None had missed me on the ship, as the men were at work in the hold, and mother had neither heard my stifled scream, nor seen me fall. The lighter was manned with Spaniards, and they, although expert swimmers, do not dare to risk their lives in that hotbed of sharks. I came to the surface, but out of reach. Would no one save me! Again I sank slowly from view. Suddenly a bright idea came to the Spaniards. One of them leaned far out over the lighter, another grasped him by the feet, and the second time I rose I was caught by my dress, carried on board, and laid dripping and unconscious in my mother's arms, just as my father stepped on board. It was a miracle that I was saved.

Another important event in my early life occurred in Scotland, which I will relate briefly. We were in Greenock, and visited Edinburgh by the fast express called the Flying Scotchman, at that time considered the fastest train in the world. We visited the castle of that ill-fated Queen, Mary of Scots, the most beautiful queen of her day, and went into her bed chamber where everything was just as she had quitted it on that awful morning when she was carried forth to her execution, centuries before. We saw the blood stains on the floor of the throne room, where her hapless lover was stabbed to

death by her order even while clinging to her dress, and, begging for mercy, was finally dragged from the apartment, while his life-blood sprinkled the floor. Before we left, father set me in her throne-chair, playfully remarking that I should occupy a throne for once in my life at all events. It was evening when we returned and we passed many coal mines, some of which were burning, and vomiting forth great volumes of lurid flame, which looked very weird in the darkness as we rushed past.

From Greenock we sailed for Falmouth, England, and I had an extremely pleasant time, I remember, in that place. My sister did not accompany us on this voyage, but stayed at home with my Grandmother Wallace. So I was very lonesome, and was overjoyed to get acquainted with the American consul's little daughter, Jessie Newton. We became great friends, and many a happy hour did we spend together in childish play, sometimes at her beautiful home, and sometimes on our ship.

I remember one day in particular, when we came very near getting lost in the streets of Falmouth. There was a fine lawn surrounding her home, not large, but laid out very prettily with flower beds and separated from the street by an ornamental iron fence. We could play as long as we liked on the lawn, but were forbidden to go on the street. About six o'clock we heard a great commotion farther down the street and saw men and even women running past. In a twinkling Jessie and I were

on the street and were carried swiftly along with the crowd. At no other place in the world does a street fight draw such a crowd as in England, or in France. The parties chiefly concerned were two brawny sailors and the crowd took sides and urged them on with hoots and yells until the tardy policemen came rushing in, using their billies right and left, and promptly arrested the two men, who, with shirts torn from their backs and faces cut and bleeding, were dragged away. Then we began to get frightened, as we did not know which way to turn, when we saw father hurrying towards us, with a white, anxious face. We never ran away again, you may depend. When the time came for us to leave Falmouth, I was inconsolable at the thought of parting with my charming little friend.

On our next voyage, some three years later, we made a short visit to Stetin, Germany, my sister accompanying us. We were there during the summer season. It is a lovely place, though not large. Much like a country village. It is situated very far north, and its winters are long and cold and dark; its summers warm but short. During the summer months the sun does not set until nine o'clock in the evening, while it rises at three in the morning, and it is not really dark at all, but rather more like dim twilight. One can see to read fine print on deck all night if one wishes. Mother used to hang a thick shawl across the windows in order that we might

sleep. I grew very tired of it after the novelty wore off, and wished heartily that I was back in my own country, where night brought the silent darkness so refreshing to tired nerves. The water of the river here was fresh, though close to the sea. On one side lay the town, while the other side was divided into farms. As there was deep water close in shore, we lay very near to the side on which the farms were situated. It was a fine chance to play as there was no houses very near, and quite often we were allowed this privilege. The men would set us on shore and return to the vessel, and when we were tired and wished to return, we had only to wave our handkerchiefs, when they would come for us. And what a treat it was to us, confined within the warm limits of a vessel, to be able to run and play on the beautiful green grass, soft as velvet, and spangled with all sorts of wild flowers, the like of which we had never seen elsewhere.

One day I met with a mishap, which was nothing uncommon for me. We were enjoying a game of tag and I slipped and fell into a bed of poisonous nettles and both knees were badly stung. The pain was worse than hornet stings and how I did scream! My knees were soon badly swollen and had a curious chalky, mottled appearance. Annie bathed them in the water but that made the pain worse. She then gave the signal to return but it seemed an age before we espied the boat coming to our relief. It had been sent on shore for father; hence

the delay. Although we were in Stetin for several days after this, I never went on shore to play again.

From Stetin we cruised up the Baltic, touching at various ports wherever the best freights were offered, and it was winter before we finally set sail for New York, where mother decided to go home to Milbridge, while father made a trip to the East Indies.

CHAPTER III.

THROUGH STORM AND DARKNESS.

We had friends in New York whom we wished to visit, so shortly before our departure for Milbridge we went to spend a day or two with them. On arriving, we found their children down with measles. Neither mother nor I had ever had the disease, and against her better judgment mother yielded to the entreaties of her friend to stay. But it was at the bitter cost of her own life, as after events proved. Two days later we bade a tearful good-bye to father and took the steamer to Boston. It was extremely rough and bitterly cold, the spray freezing as it fell. Outside of Hell's Gate we encountered a furious gale. The captain was obliged to bank the fires and lay to under a storm try-sail. Annie was sick and frightened, as she always was in a heavy gale, and kept her berth all the way. But I rather enjoyed it.

It was four days before we were able to proceed and, as we had been blown a few miles off our course, six before we steamed into Boston harbor. As soon as we

arrived, a telegram was sent to father, who must have been half wild with anxiety because we were so long overdue. We were driven from the wharf directly to the railway station where we were to board the train for Bangor. All went well until within two miles of our destination. It was nearing midnight and the passengers were dozing in their seats, as there were no sleeping cars attached. Outside, the night was dark and stormy, and the fine particles of snow hurled themselves spitefully against the glass. Suddenly there came a terrific crash, which threw the people from their seats and caused a general alarm, which subsided somewhat as the train came to a standstill. Presently the conductor entered and informed us that the baggage car, next to ours, had been thrown from the track and turned completely on its side. He said Bangor was only a mile distant, and as the track was blocked with snow there was no hope of reaching there that night except on foot, and he should advise us to walk. There was nothing for it but to take the conductor's advice. And so, amid a chorus of complaints, wraps were donned and the passengers stepped from the warm, well-lighted car into the storm and darkness of the bitter night. The conductor went ahead with a lantern and the passengers followed after. A gentleman volunteered to carry me, so mother got along very well.

It was a long, dreary walk through the heavy, cling-

ing snow. But good or bad, everything comes to an end. The remainder of the night was spent in a hotel, and it was two days later before we were able to proceed. Mother then hired a team to take us to Milbridge, sixty miles farther on. The morning we started was bright and sunny, but intensely cold, and the snow sparkled like diamond dust in the bright sunshine. Merrily the bells tinkled as the pair of swift horses flew over the road, seeming to sing a sweet song of home, and as the keen air smote our faces it made our cheeks tingle and lent a brighter sparkle to our eyes.

It was late when we arrived at my grandma's house in Milbridge, but mother had sent her a telegram from Bangor, so she had been expecting us, and had a roaring fire built in the fireplaces and a tempting repast all ready. Grandma lived on a farm, a mile from the town. She had six children, of whom mother was the eldest and Aunt Julia the youngest. The rest were boys, young men now, and all filling positions away from home.

The house was a delightfully old, rambling place, and we always enjoyed visiting grandma; and no one, not even our mother, could cook as nicely as she, in our estimation. She was overjoyed at seeing us and after we had lunched we retired, as we were all very tired.

A few days later, mother and I were taken down with the measles. We were in our own home then and both grandma and Aunt Julia were with us. Mother was

dangerously ill from the first, as the symptoms were no doubt aggravated by her walk through the snow on that memorable night. When at last she was pronounced out of danger, and lay white and exhausted on the pillows, we could see what ravages the disease had made in a few short weeks. Nevermore would the bloom of health return to those wasted cheeks, or the sparkle to those clear brown eyes. It was soon ascertained that her lungs were hopelessly affected with a disease which finally developed into old-fashioned consumption. Her heart was also very weak.

As for myself, I was soon as well as ever, and able to attend school. I was as far advanced as any of my classmates, as mother used to carry on our lessons while we were away. Thus a year passed and winter came again, cold and foggy. Just before Christmas, mother received a despatch which sent the blood for an instant to her white cheeks. Father had arrived in Boston and would be with us in a week. Joyful news, indeed! I could hardly sleep or eat during the interval. One noon as we came dancing in from school, mother met us at the door with a radiant face.

"Go into the parlor, girls, and see if there is any one there you know," she said gaily.

We obeyed and were clasped close in our father's arms. A year's absence had changed him very little. He had brought us many beautiful gifts from that Ori-

ental world of magnificence, and had many wonderful stories to relate of his life while there—stories we never tired of hearing. And then the presents! How they made our eyes shine! Queer looking toys, sandal-wood boxes, beautiful Indian jewelry, camel's hair shawls, heavily embroidered with silks which, though soft and warm, could be drawn through a finger ring, so fine was their texture, delicate crape shawls, quaintly worked table covers in Oriental design, and countless other things. Nor was this all. In Boston he had bought us each a sled and a warm set of furs with cap to match. Annie's was gray, with a scarlet wing stuck jauntily in the cap, while mine was white, with a blue wing. We spent many a pleasant hour with our sleds while warmly wrapped in our furs and heeded not the cold.

Father was terribly shocked at finding mother such a ghost of her former self, and declared he would carry her to some warm climate as soon as possible, as Maine was no fit place during the damp, cold winter months for a person with weak lungs. He would not entertain the thought for a moment that her case was incurable. He would take her up to Boston and have her examined by the most learned physician in the city.

Two weeks after he came home, this plan was carried out. He took mother to Boston and we were left with grandma. They were absent two weeks. I had never been separated from my mother before, not even for a

night, and words could not tell how much I missed her. Surely no fortnight was ever so long before. When they came back, the doctor's verdict could be read in their faces. Father's was pale and sad, while mother's wore a patient, resigned look, as beautiful as it was pathetic. No words of complaint passed her pale lips, no vain regrets. God knew best ; and with a voice as calm as though she were relating a simple occurrence, she informed grandma that there was no hope.

Of course we knew nothing of this until years afterward. Mother had given her heart to God when a young girl. Many were the good deeds she performed, many and many a poor family blessed her name. She never turned a deaf ear to the tale of poverty and woe. Her purse was never closed in the face of suffering. Although life was sweet, yet death for her had no terrors.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BRIG CADET.

The first of March the brig Cadet reported in Boston. The captain wished to take a vacation and as father was one of the owners, he decided to take her for a trip himself. He had never been in command of this brig before, but usually went in the Tariffa, a much larger and finer vessel. But as he was anxious to get mother away from the fog and the cold, and the latter vessel was off on a long cruise, he decided the Cadet would do better than nothing. This decision set me wild with excitement, as I thoroughly enjoyed Old Ocean.

Mother's health was very poor, and it was very doubtful if she ever saw her home and fireside in Milbridge again. But the doctor said it would prolong her life to be taken on a sea voyage. Annie was to accompany us, also mother's youngest brother, Gene, our favorite uncle.

We took the steamer Lewiston for Portland, one cold, raw morning in March. There was a stiff breeze blowing and the bay was covered with white-caps. When

we reached the open sea, we found it blowing almost a gale, and very rough, with every now and then a smart dash of rain from the lowering clouds. Mother stayed in the saloon all day, and looked very fair and fragile in her dark, closely fitting travelling dress. Annie was sick and lay in her berth all day, and neither ate nor hardly spoke. But when it wasn't raining I preferred to sit on deck, where, in a sheltered corner, warmly clad, I could watch the huge green, snow-crested waves toss and battle with the plunging, laboring steamer, flinging their foam and spray in showers across the decks. Thus the day wore away, and night closed in thick and foggy. The captain did not think it advisable to proceed, so ran into Belfast and anchored. When I awoke the next day we were well on our way. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and but for a long, heavy swell, no trace of yesterday's storm remained. In due time we arrived in Portland. My father had a sister residing there, and we proceeded to her home, where we spent a few days very pleasantly, and then continued our journey by rail.

From the station in Boston we were driven to the American House, situated on the corner of Washington and Hanover streets, a fine hotel, though not so pretentious as the Vendome, or one or two others in Boston. Here we stopped for a week, as Captain Leighton and his wife had not yet left the Cadet. I enjoyed hotel life

myself very much and was sorry when the time came for us to go.

On the following Monday we went on board. The Cadet was rather small, being only 428 tons register, with flush decks. The cabin was small, finished in mahogany and oak, the dark panels being embellished with a small painting. There was no skylight, but there were two small windows in the after part of the cabin, and one in each state-room. Annie and I occupied a room together next to the bath-room. Just opposite was mother's bed, set in an alcove, with draperies drawn across. At the foot of the bed sat a tall chest of drawers. Next was the chart room; and there you have a pen picture of our floating home. A gloomy place to live in, but to die in, far worse. Even the thick carpet of Brussels that covered the floor was dark. How much different from the light, airy, commodious quarters of the Tariffa.

The forward cabin contained a table, a Dutch-faced clock, and a swinging lamp, with a stove besides. Four state-rooms opened from the cabin, and a pantry. The galley and forecastle, of course, were well forward, as they are in all ships.

We lay at Central wharf until the remainder of the cargo, which consisted of sulphur in bulk, was discharged. A donkey engine was employed for the purpose and I would stand for hours watching the great baskets of sulphur come swiftly from the hold, while the little engine

puffed sturdily. A minute they swung, poised in mid-air, then were lowered rapidly to the wharf. When the cargo was all out, the hold resembled a great yellow cavern.

On the other side of the wharf lay a large four-masted ship. There were four children on board, and we saw them playing about the decks every day. Although we never got acquainted, yet we liked to watch them play, and I used to envy them their beautiful big ship. The *R. B. Duncan* was her name. As soon as the cargo was out, and the vessel cleaned, a tug came alongside and towed us over to East Boston, where we were to take in a general cargo for Port Chalmers, New Zealand. A general cargo consists of everything from a wash-tub up to a mowing machine, or an organ, and is called Yankee notions out in New Zealand and Australia. This wharf was close to the East Boston ferry, and a new source of enjoyment was watching the boats as they plied swiftly back and forth, carrying their crowd of passengers. They passed right across our bow and we never tired watching them. Then it was rare fun to see the cargo come in, scarcely half a dozen articles alike. It took us several weeks to load, as the goods had to be stowed with the utmost care to guard against breakage. And then we had nearly a four months' voyage before us. Provisions of all descriptions, and plenty of them, were brought on board, the water casks were cleaned and re-

filled, the crew was shipped, and lastly the vessel was thoroughly overhauled, and the medicine chest replenished.

Finally the day fixed for our departure dawned, rainy and cloudy, with a strong breeze blowing. The hatches were battened down, and covered with a tarpaulin, and everything made snug. At an early hour the tug arrived to tow us down the bay. Away we went through the Narrows, past the fort, out on the heaving ocean, with the barometer steadily falling. Here the tug cast loose and steamed back to Boston, and we were fairly off. By dark, Cape Cod light was far behind us, and the vessel was rushing and tumbling through an ever-rising gale. We went to bed early but could not sleep. By ten o'clock, or four bells, the vessel was running before the wind, under bare poles, with just a strip of canvas set to steady her. She rolled and pitched fearfully, while the water poured over the decks in tons. But she emerged triumphant every time, the water running in streams from the scuppers. The noises on deck were distracting; the trampling of the men overhead, hoarse orders shouted, the rattle of blocks, the roar of the storm, all prevented sleep. Ever and anon would a wave strike the vessel broadside with a crash as of thunder. She would quiver from stem to stern, and for one brief second would seem to stand still, then careen until the floor was literally perpendicular and it seemed as though she must go over. Down below, every-

thing that had not been fastened was travelling round from side to side with every roll of the vessel. The swinging lamp jumped wildly to and fro, until suddenly down it came with a sharp crash, and we were in darkness. Presently father came down, with the water running from his oil-skins in streams. He fixed the lamp for us and went back. There would be no sleep for him that night. He never left the deck during a gale, day or night, except just long enough to snatch a hasty meal.

The night wore on and presently daylight came struggling through the tightly closed shutters. It was impossible to sit at the table, or even to make a fire in the galley, so the steward set out a bite to each one in the pantry. We could not even have the shutters down, as the force of the waves would break the glass, so we lay in bed until the gale, which lasted three days, was over. On the morning of the third day the sea had moderated, but was still very rough. By noon we were able to have the shutters down to let some light into the cabin, and how glad we were to see it once more. In the afternoon father said I might stand in the door and get a breath of fresh air. A board about two feet high was placed across the companion-way to prevent the water from running into the cabin. It is called a washboard. On the Cadet were two small doors that led on deck, and a scuttle drawn over the companion-way. In fair weath-

er this was pushed back. By standing on this washboard and leaning over the doors, one could have a fine view of the ocean as well as of the vessel. As it was altogether too rough to venture on deck, here is where I established myself. I drank in great draughts of the exhilarating air, made pure by its journey of thousands of miles across the sea, and it sent the blood dancing through my veins like a tonic.

The sea was still running mountains high, and it was with a feeling of awe that I gazed on that grand and thrilling sight. Who could doubt the power of God after seeing the ocean in a storm! Our little vessel seemed but a speck on that vast, heaving expanse, and when presently the sun burst forth in all its splendor and lit up those huge, towering, darkly blue, foam crested waves, and the white-winged vessel, plunging and plowing through them, sending up the glittering spray in diamond drops—who could describe the scene? A true artist, perhaps, but myself!—I lay down my pen in despair. I love old ocean, in all its moods, but I cannot do it justice. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Occasionally a wave would come racing down upon us and, striking fairly amidship, would pour in tons over the decks. There would be a warning cry from some one who had seen it coming, and the men would hold on for dear life to prevent being swept overboard, until it had passed. Then the gallant little vessel would shake off

her burden of water and rise lightly on the crest of another wave. I coaxed Annie up for a little while, but watching the hugh waves tumbling round made her so sick and dizzy that she had to go below again.

In a few days the gale was past, and we were running along with a fine breeze and all sails set. We were nearing the trades, and it was delightfully warm. I never found it dull on board ship at sea, as so many do. We had a fine library on board and, young as I was, reading was my favorite pastime, although sometimes I did enjoy my dolls. Mother cut us a whole colony of paper dolls, with which we had the greatest fun. Then there were the sea birds, that always follow the vessel through a long voyage until within a few hundred miles of land when they suddenly disappear. They feed on the scraps that are tossed overboard. There were albatrosses, cape hens, cape pigeons, and stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens. And how beautiful they are! There were several different colors among the albatrosses. Some were pure white, some were brown, while one enormous fellow that father caught one night was speckled brown and white, with a long bill of a delicate pink. The spread of his wings measured sixteen feet from tip to tip.

Would you like to know how we caught them? I will tell you. On calm days, when not a breath of air stirs the sails and the sea lies calm and glassy, is the time the

fun begins. I will say right here that we never killed, nor injured one. We would take a long hook, and bait it with a shining bit of salt pork. Attached to this was a long stout line with a float. Almost as soon as it strikes the water the albatross has spied it. Down they come with a swoop, and paddle quickly along until they reach the bait, when one of them will dive and seize it. The hook catches in his long, hooked beak, and he is drawn, fluttering and screaming, on board. The hook is then removed. Some of them are very savage when caught. One day father caught two beauties, snowy white, and chloroformed them. We then measured them. The spread of their wings was twelve feet from tip to tip. They recovered from the effects of the drug all right, and when we let them go flew around as lively as the rest.

We caught fourteen cape pigeons one day. They are a very pretty bird. Sailors are very superstitious about sea birds, declaring if one is killed purposely disaster will speedily overtake the ship. Sometimes on bright, breezy days we would see whole schools of flying fish. They would rise from the water with a whirl, fly a short distance, perhaps eight feet, then disappear, to reappear shortly. They looked very pretty with the sun shining on their small transparent wings. They are fine to eat, too, but quite a rarity as it is very seldom one is caught. They will not bite a hook and the only way to catch them is this. On some dark, stormy night, when both wind

and sea are dead ahead, place a lighted lantern in the bow of the vessel. The fish will see the light and fly on board. Sometimes three will be caught in one night, never more, and seldom more than one. Fried a golden brown, they are sweet and delicious.

CHAPTER V.

OUR ARRIVAL IN PORT CHALMERS.

After that first big storm we had fine weather until we were off the Cape of Good Hope, when we encountered a severe gale, which kept us prisoners a whole week. As it drew to its close, Annie and I planned a great dolls' party, as the weather was moderating. But we did not wait long enough. We intended to have it in the evening, but all day at intervals the vessel would ship seas that, breaking over the house, would run down into the cabin, and it kept us mopping the floors up all the time; and it was the most discouraging piece of work that I ever undertook. Just as soon as we would get the floor pretty dry, crash would come another sea and we would have it to do all over again. By sunset the gale abated somewhat and no more seas were shipped, so we had our party after all, and a fine time we had too. Mother produced some candy and nuts that she had saved for just such an occasion as this, and some pink and white frosted sweet biscuits. The cook made some wonderful animal

sugar cookies, and we had quite a feast. We decorated our tiny table with bunches of wax matches, stuck in an empty cartridge shell. At the proper moment these were lit, to resemble candles.

After we crossed the equator, on dark nights the sea would be one sheet of phosphorescent splendor, and every sea that broke looked like a shower of diamonds, while far astern could be seen the vessel's track through the sea, resembling a glittering path of moonbeams. Truly a magnificent sight!

Nothing of note occurred the remainder of the voyage. We had now been 116 days, and had only been in sight of land once during that period. That was when we passed Tristram D'Acunha, when I longed to be on shore once more. One bright morning when I went on deck, I noticed with great delight that the deep, intense blue of the water had given place to a dark green, a sure sign we were approaching land. I will here state that you can smell land long before you can see it, and I will say that nothing this world can produce ever smells half so delicious to the voyager who for many weary days has seen nothing but water and sky, with the briny air ever blowing in his nostrils, as a long whiff of the land.

A few hours after, land could be discerned, looking like a bank of clouds on the horizon, and finally looming up blue and distinct. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we were met by the pilot boat and took on board our

pilot, who immediately took charge. By six o'clock we ran into the harbor with our colors flying and dropped anchor. No sooner was this done than we were surrounded by boats, loaded with delicious looking fruit and vegetables. The butcher's boat was also there, well stocked with choice varieties of meats. How good it looked. Why, we hadn't even seen a potato, nor an egg, nor a piece of fresh meat for nearly four months. Living on dried and canned goods for so long, with no meat but salted, you can imagine how longingly we gazed towards the market boats. They were liberally patronized, father-buying nearly everything they had, as we had quite a crew to provide for. As for the fruit, there were grapes, passion fruit, bananas, apricots, plums, and a fruit I never learned the name of, but which looked like a yellow crab-apple, but had a most peculiar flavor. I did not fancy it at first, but soon acquired a taste for it, as some people do for olives. I never saw any passion fruit in America, so I will give a brief description of it. It is about the size of a peach, oblong in shape, covered with a thick husk. The interior consists of a soft greenish pulp filled with tiny yellow seeds. The taste is very tart, but has a fine flavor. To be eaten, they are cut in halves, and the contents eaten with a spoon. We enjoyed a fine supper that night, consisting of chops, tender, juicy steak, vegetables, and potatoes—and such potatoes, big, mealy ones, such as only New Zealand can produce, for nowhere in

the world does this important vegetable attain the point of perfection it does there.

There were no other American ships in the harbor, but a number of those of other nationalities, the English predominating. The water of the bay was fairly alive with tiny red fishes, not more than an inch long. We went on shore but twice during our stay here. Once father took us all to Dunedin by train to see the sights. And one Sunday he took us ashore for a walk, and we climbed to the top of a small mountain that rose sheer from the water's edge and commanded a fine view of the harbor. When we reached the top and looked down, the ships looked no larger than tiny boats, while the people on their decks were about the size of ants. On our way back we gathered a large bouquet of wild flowers, which grew in great profusion, of every hue and color. We carried them on board to mother, who was passionately fond of flowers and who had been unable to accompany us.

While here we met with a very nice couple, Capt. Thomas and wife, of the fine, iron English barque, the *L. L'Egro*. Her appointments were luxurious. The story of Capt. Thomas's life is well worth repeating. Although his education was not of the highest order, yet he was one of Nature's true gentlemen. Gruff and hearty as he was with men, with women and children he was gentleness itself, and no warmer, truer heart ever beat. When he was a small child, he was left homeless and

friendless, at the cold mercies of the world. He had one overruling ambition, to become the master of a ship. Through difficulties that would have appalled many he bravely struggled on, never looking back, never discouraged. First as cabin boy, then as common sailor, and still on, until he trod the deck of as fine a barque as ever sailed the seas, not only as captain, but owner as well. When a lad of sixteen, he lay for weeks in a foreign hospital, sick unto death with the small pox. He was only one of hundreds of patients and scanty attention any of them received. His face was badly scarred, but otherwise he was a fine-looking man. His wife and my mother soon became great friends. It happened both vessels chartered for the same place, Callao, Peru, with coal. We had to go to Newcastle, Australia, to take in our cargo, and we both sailed the same day, but our vessel arrived a few days sooner, as she was the faster sailer.

CHAPTER VI.

NEWCASTLE.—HOTEL CUTERION.

Newcastle is a small city, but one of the greatest coal-ing stations in the world. The harbor is badly exposed, and during a gale is often dangerous, as the coast is bold and rocky. There were several American vessels in the harbor. One of these was the barque Frank Marion, commanded by Capt. Dow of Prospect, Maine. Capt. Dow was accompanied by his wife, one of the finest women I ever met. She was kindness itself to our dear mother, who was slowly but Oh! how surely, fading away. Day by day her step grew slower, more languid; day by day her cough grew more distressing, while the bright hectic flush burned redly on each sunken cheek, and those terrible heart spasms grew alarmingly frequent. Our precious mother! All that could be done to render her closing days more comfortable was done. On those days when mother was confined to her bed, Mrs. Dow would come like a ministering angel, doing what she could for the sufferer's comfort. Clad in a cool,

white muslin wrapper, set off by jaunty ribbon bows, she would bustle about that dark little cabin like a veritable ray of light; her bright, cheery voice and clear laughter making the wan face on the pillow brighter at her very presence. Sometimes she would stay all night. We fast grew to love that noble woman who was doing so much for us, utter strangers. Although her face was plain, it was glorified by the great soul shining through.

We boarded on shore at the Hotel Custerion while the vessel was taking in coal, as the noise and coal dust were more than mother could bear. We hired a suite and took our meals in our rooms during our entire stay there, and very fine rooms they were too. On this occasion I first tasted of the famous English dish, ox-tail soup, and pronounced it delicious.

In a week's time the vessel was all loaded and we returned. It was with feelings of deep regret that we bade farewell to our many kind friends, but as fate willed we must obey. We made a quick run over and nothing of note occurred but once. The vessel caught fire down in the lazaret, but beyond giving us a severe fright no damage was done.

When we reached Callao, we found the small pox in full sway. Hundreds were dying daily. We therefore discharged our cargo in lighters and did not go on shore but once during our entire stay and that was when father took us to the doctor's to be vaccinated. The U. S.

steamer Alaska was there, and twice a day, at sunset and sunrise, the reveille would be sounded and a cannon fired. Father made the acquaintance of the captain and he gave us an invitation to dinner. On the day set, mother did not feel able to go but would not allow us to remain with her, so we went. I had never before been on board a man-of-war and was charmed. Everything shone like glass; the decks snowy white, the brass-work gleaming like gold, and the formidable, black, shining cannons, with the numerous sailors in their neat blue uniform, making a pleasing picture. The dinner was a marvel of French cookery, and the table appointments luxurious. On the whole, I thought I should like nothing better than to go to sea in just such a ship as the Alaska. We also attended religious services held on board of an English man-of-war while there.

Our next destination was Iquique, a few miles farther down the coast. We only ran in for orders, and stopped but two or three days, when we proceeded to Arica in ballast. When we arrived at Arica we found the town in a state of great excitement. I believe I did not state that grim war, with all its terrors, was raging with great fury between Chili and Peru, and that the former was getting the better of the latter. News had come that the Chilians were on their way to bombard the town. The very next day they were expected and the inhabitants were panic-stricken, and no one can blame them, as the Chili-

ans in war practice extreme cruelty and never give quarter.

All, or nearly all the able-bodied men of the town had gone to war, leaving only a very small garrison, which could be speedily overcome. The old men, the women and children, comprised nearly all the inhabitants. The threatened attack came as a complete surprise, as the town was almost unprotected. The only hope of safety for the inhabitants lay in flight. There were about sixty-two vessels in the harbor, of all nations, waiting for freights. To these the people came in crowds and offered any price that might be named to be taken to Molendo, about four hundred miles distant. Some even gave their jewels in default of ready money. They did not overlook our vessel, if it was small, and all day we were surrounded by boats. Father carried all he could. A place was fitted up between decks with rows of berths. Those who were very poor and unable to pay, father took just the same; rich and poor alike, not one was turned away until we had on board two hundred and fifty of them, which were all we could possibly make room for either on deck or down below. They all brought some luggage, but we had several people of wealth among them who brought several boat-loads each. Some of them took their meals in the cabin, but the majority ate on deck, as the confusion made mother worse.

What a crowd of them, and what a jabbering in Span-

ish they did keep up, to be sure! The women all wore black shawls of thin cashmere over their heads, mantilla fashion, while a very few wore mantillas of rich lace; but not one wore any other head gear, and with all their hurry and fright they had not forgotten to daub their faces liberally with powder. None used it except the rich, and very repulsive some of the Grande Dames looked with their sallow, wrinkled faces streaked with powder, decked out in their rich dresses, with their fingers covered with rings. Some of the young women were very fine looking, indeed; one in particular I noticed, a girl of sixteen. She was more than pretty. She was beautiful, with a soft creamy complexion, splendid dark, melting, Spanish eyes, and dark, luxuriant hair. She was tall and her every movement was replete with grace. She was richly clad in a dress of creamy, embroidered Indian mull, set off by foamy laces. Diamonds twinkled in her ears and sparkled on her snowy hands. On her feet tiny bronze boots and on her head, and partly shading her fair face, was the inevitable lace mantilla. When this vision of loveliness stepped on board, I was lost in admiration, and her picture as she looked then was engraven on my mind, never to be effaced. I tried to make her acquaintance and as she was one of the cabin passengers, I had good opportunity; but as she spoke no English, and I was equally ignorant of Spanish, we made very little headway. My admiration continued

unabated, and not even the powder, plainly visible on her soft cheeks, could lessen it. Annie did not take to the passengers at all, declaring that they smelled just like guinea-pigs and made her sick. There was one family among them, however, who spoke English very well, and who seemed to be very nice people.

That night, about sunset, wind and tide serving, all sails were set and we stood out to sea. We were nearly out of sight of land when an alarming discovery was made. In some mysterious fashion a small pox patient had been smuggled on board. His face was one mass of running sores. Instantly the vessel was hove to, a boat lowered, and the unfortunate man placed in it and made as comfortable as possible. His two attendants accompanied him and two of our crew, who had had the disease, were ordered to row them ashore. It was the only course open, as it would not have answered to expose our crowded vessel to that dread disease. In the meantime we waited. The passengers knew nothing about it whatever, and although they wondered much what we were waiting for, still they said nothing. As soon as the boat returned, it was thoroughly disinfected, as were also the clothes of the two sailors. We then proceeded on our way. All went well, and after a pleasant run we dropped anchor in Molendo and landed our passengers. The vessel was then thoroughly cleaned and disinfectants were burned in it. Mother's health was

now so poor that father decided to consult a physician. He prescribed goat's milk for a part of her diet.

Goats are generally kept for their milk in that country; indeed, I saw no cows while there. Father purchased three large, handsome goats, one of which was accompanied by its kid, a beautiful little creature, snowy white. How pretty he looked as he gamboled and played about the decks. Goat's milk is far richer and more nourishing than cow's milk, but the yield is very small, as from our three we only got a quart a day. Father also bought two sheep, a flock of hens, two turkeys, and a pig. And what color do you suppose he was? He was red, not a brilliant scarlet by any means, but more the shade of a red cow. You do not see many red pigs in this country, do you? They are common enough in Peru, and very odd they look too.

We went on shore many times in Molendo and enjoyed it very much. One day we were presented with a pair of rabbits, a pair of guinea-pigs, and a dear little black and tan terrier which we named Turk.

Beautiful flowers grew here of brilliant hues and exquisite perfume; knowing mother's passion for flowers, father rarely came on board without bringing her a large, choice bouquet, which brightened up the little cabin wonderfully. He also bought a great variety of fruit, and our fruit dish always sat on the table heaped high with its luscious burden. There were pink-cheeked

peaches, great yellow pears, purple plums, and figs, golden oranges and soft green pines, all heaped together ; while on deck under the awning hung a hugh bunch of sun-kissed bananas.

By the way, I wonder how many of you ever ate a pine. For the benefit of those who have not, I will give a brief description of this most delicious fruit. It is as large as a cocoanut, slightly oval in shape, in color sage green, with small prickly spots. Inside, it is soft, pink, and juicy, extremely sweet and full of large brown seeds. It is a fruit that I never saw outside of South America.

Peru is a country where everything is cheap but water. That is sold at five cents a gallon. No small item when a vessel has to be supplied. It is very poor water, too, tasting flat and brackish. You may remember that Peru is a country where it never rains, for the reason that the Andes, being so tall, intercept the rain-clouds on their passage from the sea. It is very hot in the forenoon, as the burning winds sweep over the arid sands of the mountains, almost unbearably hot ; but at noon the sea breeze, cool and refreshing, begins and blows all the afternoon. So life is very pleasant there after all.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRED ON BY A CHILIAN MAN-OF-WAR.

Father next chartered for Ancou, Peru, with a cargo of watermelons. We also carried three passengers, Peruvians, a man and his two sons. They all spoke English perfectly. We had been out but a few days, when one morning we sighted a large steamer directly astern and rapidly overhauling us.

With a fair wind and every sail set, we were ploughing briskly through the waves, the glittering spray dashing in showers upon the decks. Fearing that the pursuing vessel might be a Chilian cruiser, father hid our passengers as they would surely be taken prisoners if found, and probably tortured to death. That they were chasing us was very evident. The excitement had brought mother on deck and she looked very young and pretty in spite of ill health as she stood near the rail, her fair face shaded by a white mull hat and a flash of excitement in her dark eyes as she watched the rapidly approaching ship.

The ship which was now very near proved to be a large man-of-war, but showed no colors. A few minutes more and the Chilian flag floats at her peak, while at the same instant a flash of light puffs from her bows and a cannon ball whistles harmlessly over our decks and buries itself in the sea. For answer, father ran our ensign up but kept right on his course, thinking that when the pursuer saw that we were not a hostile vessel he would let us proceed unmolested. A second shot, still nearer, evidently meant business, and our vessel was quickly hove to.

Presently a boat left the side of the cruiser and came rapidly towards us. It was rowed by four swarthy Chilians, while three officers, their uniforms glittering in the bright sunshine, sat in the stern. When they reached the side, the side ladder was lowered and they clambered on board. Their swords clanked ominously and struck terror to my childish heart, for I had heard so much of their wanton cruelty that the mere sight of one was enough to frighten me, although these three were fine, distinguished-looking men. They spoke English very imperfectly. They told father they must search the vessel in quest of Peruvians. This they did, but failed to find our passengers. Father then invited them into the cabin and treated them to wine and cigars, after which they took their departure, apologizing for the trouble they had given us. When the steamer was

a mere speck in the distance, our passengers made their appearance, still pale and trembling at their narrow escape.

We arrived in Ancou without any further incident. We were to stay here some time, so the sails were snugly furled, the awning put up, and things made as comfortable as possible. A few days after we reached port, what vessel should come in but our old friend, the L. L'Egro. We were very glad, indeed, to see her again. She anchored close to us. I had a fine time fishing while here. Father went with us once, and several times my Uncle Gene took us when the boat could be spared. A fish, called rock cod, was very plentiful, easy to catch, and very nice, resembling very strongly our ordinary cod in taste. But there the likeness ended. The rock cod are spotted like a trout, and vary in length from six inches to three feet. The bait used is sardines. We used to buy it of an old fisherman who lived on shore. It was great fun. I caught fifty one day, and pulled them all in but three, which were too heavy for my small arms to handle. But Uncle Gene and Annie did not do nearly as well.

Among the friends father made while here was a young American engineer, who ran the passenger train from Ancou to Lima, a distance of eighteen miles, over the most wonderful piece of engineering in the world. The track is built across the mountains, of soft, yielding,

ever-shifting sand. Father took us up to Lima one day and Mrs. Thomas accompanied us. We went up in the morning and back at night, as there are but two trains a day. Lima was a large, beautiful city then, but has since been completely destroyed by the Chilians, though I suppose it has been built up again. We spent the entire day in sight-seeing, and partook of an excellent dinner. There were some magnificent cathedrals there, two of the largest of which we visited. We took the train home about six. Mother did not go with us, but we did not forget her, as many choice presents gave evidence. Mrs. Thomas and Annie rode in the cars, while father and I rode in the engine. Father had business in Lima nearly every day and often rode in the engine, but this was my first experience, and I was highly delighted. There were thirteen cars behind us, besides the baggage car. I sat on the high seat of the cab and held on while the engine rocked and swayed over the shining steel rails, while every few minutes the great iron door of the furnace was pulled open, letting out such a scorching blast of heat that it almost burned me while the coal was shoveled in. I certainly did not like that part of it.

In Peru they do not put their dead in boxes, at least the poor do not, nor do they bury them in cemeteries as we do. But they bring them to the mountains, dig a hole and lay them in, wrapped in a shroud. They are sometimes buried in a sitting posture. After a time the

sand, which never saw a drop of water, and is therefore very light and dry, blows off, leaving the head exposed. A grewsome sight truly, but a very common one. We saw several close to the track, with their long black hair floating on the sands, and their fleshless faces turned to the pitiless sun.

Midway between Lima and Ancou is an oasis. Fancy running through nothing but hot yellow sand, which dazzles the eyes like snow under the burning rays of the sun, with not a tree or even a blade of grass in sight, and suddenly gliding into fairyland, as it were, a tract one mile square, covered with cool shady trees, emerald grass, spangled with a profusion of brilliant wild flowers. The contrast is as startling as it is delightful. But now we are past it, among the wastes of sand again. A few minutes more and we run into the station, and thus ends my first ride in a locomotive; nor have I ever wished to ride in one since.

The next week would be Christmas, but it did not seem a bit like it to us. We always associate Christmas with a bright, cold day, the ground covered with glistening snow, huge, roaring fires, turkey and its fixings, not to forget the mince pies and plum pudding. But here in this blistering hot climate, Christmas seemed out of place. We had roast turkey, however, one of our turkeys giving up his life to honor the occasion, and plum pudding as well, but we hadn't much appetite for

such things. Fruit and cool dishes were more to our taste. We received a number of presents from our kind parents; the one I prized most highly being a tiny set of ear jewels with a small ruby in the center of each, while Annie received a handsome gold watch.

In the afternoon father ordered the boat, and we set out to visit a noted sea cave. After a long row, we came in sight of it. It was very large, and the waves rushed into the intense darkness with a hollow, moaning sound, which struck a chill to my heart. Around its mouth was a boiling caldron of foaming breakers, in which numberless sea lions gamboled and played, their bodies glistening in the bright sunlight, making a beautiful picture indeed. On our way back we stopped to call on Mrs. Thomas, and mother being very tired, we stayed to tea and spent the evening. And so ended a very pleasant Christmas in a hot country.

CHAPTER VII.

A HAPPY DAY.

Our next destination was the beautiful city of Valparaiso, Chili. The tide runs so strongly there that we not only had to have both bow anchors, but one at the stern as well. The tide sets in towards the shore and huge breakers roll in and dash upon the rocks, sending the spray high in the air. A stiff sea-breeze always blows in the afternoon, making it cool and comfortable, while it is very hot in the forenoon. It is very difficult to make the landing here and our boats were useless. Surf-boats from shore were hired, propelled by swarthy Chilians.

Annie and I went on shore but once while we were there, although Mother went two or three times as she had some shopping to do. The day we went, mother was worse than usual and did not feel equal to the occasion. But as it was my birthday—I was ten—mother would not hear of our staying at home on her account. As we stepped on the wharf we were met by a friend of

father's, Mr. Bates by name, an American broker, who shook hands and remarked that he must make me a present, when father told him why we were there. He conducted me to a fine large store where he purchased for me the most beautiful wax doll I had ever seen, with eyes that would open and shut, and a face actually life-like. I have seen dolls in a great many countries, but never one that could compare with that. The price was five dollars. Remarking that even if it wasn't Annie's birthday she must not be forgotten, Mr. Bates presented her with an exquisite hand-painted china toilet set. Father also bought us each a present, after which we repaired to a cafe, and were served with ice cream and cake. Before going home father bought us a large bag of choice bon-bons. It was very rough when we returned and we had great difficulty in getting on board. Mother named my doll Inez, and said Mr. Bates was very kind to remember me. Although she gave me a smile it did not reach her eyes, which were misty with unshed tears, as the thought rushed over her that ere another year had rolled around she would be lying with folded hands, locked in her last sleep. So the happiest day I knew for many weary years passed into eternity ; and as I laid my head on the pillow that night, with my mother's good night kiss warm upon my lips, in all the world there was no happier child than I.

One day melted into another with the same routine of

taking in and discharging cargo, until the day came when we weighed anchor and sailed for Tal-tal, Chili, where we were to take in a cargo of saltpetre, for San Francisco. Tal-tal is a very small, dreary-looking place, with the surf breaking in a long line of white foam on the sandy beach. It was very rough here the most of the time and the same precautions had to be taken in mooring the vessel. We were a long time loading, as the cargo was brought off in lighters and they could not be very deeply loaded on account of its being so rough.

Mother's health was failing very rapidly. She seldom left the vessel and received no callers, as the least excitement made her worse. Just before our departure father brought a physician on board to see mother, from an English man-of-war that was stationed there. When father asked him if she would live until we reached San Francisco, he gravely and sadly shook his head. It was impossible. She might live four weeks, not longer. He advised father to take a metallic casket on board as the thought of burying her at sea could not be entertained for an instant.

Mother had an aunt residing in San Francisco, and before we sailed she wrote a long letter to her, and also to Grandmother Wallace, bidding the latter to come on to Aunt Kate's and meet us. "For," she added, "if I shall not need you, my children will." One beautiful morning in the early part of May we set sail for San

Francisco. Never did the sea look bluer, or the sun shine so brightly, for we were going home. Magic word! Even the bonny Cadet seemed to know it, and danced merrily over the waves. Our dear mother, too, seemed better than she had for many a long day, and laughed and talked as merrily as a child. It was but the flicker of a dying candle. People suffering from that dread disease, consumption, often rally as their life nears its close.

We had fine weather for three weeks and everything ran along happily; when suddenly the blow fell. Mother's condition grew worse so rapidly that every ray of hope departed. Although looking very weak and ill, she used to come on deck as she could not endure the stifling air of the cabin. There she would lie back in her low chair, drinking in the bright, balmy air, sometimes talking lovingly to us of what we must do when she would no longer be with us, speaking as calmly as if she were merely going on a journey; but oftener gazing beyond us, with a far-away look in her dark eyes, as if she could already pierce the dim veil of the near future and catch a glimpse of that shining city, "not made with hands," which she was rapidly nearing. With heavy hearts we would then creep away and converse in whispers, stealing a timid glance at the motionless form reclining in the chair. Father told us she was tired and we were not to disturb her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEATH OF OUR MOTHER.

A week afterwards, in attempting to cross the cabin, mother was seized with a violent spasm of the heart. Father, who was on deck, was quickly summoned. We thought she was dying then, her breath came so painfully, so gaspingly ; while even as we gazed, horror-stricken, a crimson stream gushed from her pale lips. Quickly and silently father worked, administering stimulants, chafing her hands, and doing everything that could be done until the awful spasm passed, leaving her white and speechless as he laid her tenderly back upon the pillow, but alive still—Oh ! thank God for that.

Presently her dark eyes unclosed and fixed themselves lovingly on our tear-stained faces, while one white, transparent hand was stretched feebly towards me. With a low, sobbing cry that could not be suppressed, I crept close to mother and put one arm around her, and clasped her closely, as though my feeble strength would hold her back from the dark valley which she was soon to enter.

She lingered for a week longer, but never rose from her bed again. One of us stayed by her night and day, fanning her fevered brow, or giving her cooling drinks, doing what we could for her comfort.

We were now nearing the equator, and the weather was stifling; so hot that on calm days the pitch in the cracks of the deck would seethe and bubble, and the paint crack and blister, while the sea lay like a sheet of molten fire, except for the long undulating swell. We were in the Doldrums, and day after day no breath of air stirred the sails, which hung idly against the masts, slatting noisily with every lazy roll of the vessel. Night after night the sun went down, and the stars came out, shedding their dim, soft light on the silent ocean. We should drift through them, sometimes aided by a catspaw or two of wind, in about three weeks.

One morning upon coming on deck, father saw a large black speck rising and falling with the swell, some distance off on the glassy surface. Bringing his spyglass to bear upon it, he discovered it to be a large green turtle, and it was not alone, for around it lay ten or twelve others, all very large. There they lay on their backs on the still water, enjoying a sound sleep in the hot sun. How they came there was a mystery; probably from some rock or barren island somewhere near.

Turtle soup would be an agreeable addition to our bill of fare, so father ordered a boat lowered, and jumping in

the men rowed quickly off towards the turtles. They intended to harpoon them, and approached very softly so as not to awaken them, and when near enough, drove the harpoon into a vital spot. The turtle was then easily lifted into the boat. A still better way would have been to lift him into the boat without killing him, as a turtle is helpless when turned on its back ; but they did not think of this then. A second shared the same fate as the first, but the men were so excited, that when they went to lift it into the boat, one of them caught hold of the harpoon, which was as keen as any razor, and his entire hand was laid open to the bone. It bled profusely, and all haste was made to the vessel. While father was dressing the wound, the man fainted, but a swallow of wine and a whiff of hartshorn soon revived him. Father told the men to go back and get a few more, but not to hurt them, as he wished them taken alive, to kill as needed. Accordingly the men rowed back to the spot and picked up five more. They were then taken on board and placed in the long-boat, which was filled with salt water.

Shortly after, we sighted two sharks circling round the vessel. They were big man-eaters, and not liking such dangerous companions, father baited an immense hook with salt pork, fastened it to a stout rope, and cast it over the stern. In a second it was sighted, and we saw one of the huge creatures make for it, turn with

lightning-like rapidity on its back, its belly gleaming a flash of white in the clear blue water, open its hideous maw, and swallow the baited hook. Then how he thrashed and writhed ; churning the water into crimson foam, as the blood ran freely from his mouth. They towed him close to the side, then, fearing the line would part, the harpoon was cast, which, striking a vital spot, soon put an end to his struggles. He was then hoisted on board and measured. He was eight feet from the tip of his nose to his tail.

That night a gentle breeze sprang up, and we were able to make some headway, while the air was much cooler. Mother was very low the next day and we never left her bed-side except for our meals. That evening when the lamps were lit, filling the cabin with a soft mellow light, she seemed resting easier than she had during the day. We were thinking of retiring, when mother suddenly opened her eyes and looked wildly around the cabin as though in search of some one. "Is there any thing you want, mother dear?" I asked, jumping up quickly, for I was frightened. Never before had I seen such a peculiar look in her soft eyes. "Your father, where is he?" she gasped. Annie ran and called him, but before he could get down the stairs mother had sprung up, and sitting on the edge of the bed began to gasp for breath, while the death dew stood on her forehead in great beads, and her hands and feet were like ice.

ment father and Uncle Gene, whom Annie had
oned, were by her side. The usual remedies
ed, but, alas! brought no relief. She was past
aid. The sufferer prayed with clasped hands
d eyes. And then began that long struggle,
he soul was struggling for release from that
making it tremble and quiver with each gasp-
she drew. I could not bear it, but ran scream-
k through the crowd of sailors, who were all
ound the companion-way, their rough honest
ed with the tears they were not ashamed to
one and all worshipped my gentle mother.
l of kindness did they remember when they
ny a dainty dish had found its way into the
ade by her own fair hands; while she ever
and a pleasant cheery word for them; and
dying and they would do her what homage

azy I would have thrown myself into the sea,
ll kind hands had not held me back. I raised my swollen
eyes to the blue, star-gemmed, tropical sky above me.
The stars shone like glittering points of light, while
gently lapped the waves against the vessel's side. Even
now, over that grief-stricken cabin swept the dark wings
of the Death Angel, to bear away our darling mother to
the beautiful beyond where many a loved one waited her.
The soft wind seemed to whisper a message of peace, and

I stole softly back down the stairs into the cabin. The spasm was over, and she lay in father's arms like a broken lily, motionless and speechless. Uncle Gene stood near gently fanning her, while Annie sat on the sofa, with her face buried in her handkerchief. No one perceived me and I stood there hardly daring to breathe for fear of disturbing her.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness except the gentle ripple of the water as the vessel softly glided through it. Even as I gazed she sank back into father's arms, and we—were motherless.

After many weary days and pain-filled hours of night, she had gone to that rest she surely had earned. She had gone, and neither prayers nor wild entreaties would ever bring her back. We were hundreds of miles from home and friends. Surely the very angels in heaven must have wept tears of pity for us that night.

With a long shuddering cry I turned away, and going into my stateroom, wept and moaned the whole night through, and not until near morning did I sink, exhausted, into a doze.

No kind friends there were to come forward and perform the last sad rites for our dead. But alone and unaided, except for what scant help Uncle Gene could give him, did father array that beloved form for the coffin. Dear Lord, it seemed more than mortal man could bear. Many times did he falter, while great sobs

burst from his quivering lips. But at last it was finished, and she lay calmly on her snowy pillow ; a sweet smile on her waxen lips, and her small white hands folded over her silent heart.

Mother was very small and slight, and was only thirty years of age. So young to die, when life had so much for her that was bright and joyful!

The next morning, upon opening my eyes after a brief sleep, I glanced towards mother's bed. For the first time in ten happy years no answering glance from loving eyes met mine, no gentle voice bade me a cheery good morning. Instead, my eyes fell on that rigid form outlined under the white sheet. Annie was asleep and there was no one in the room. I sprang up, and running across the cabin, threw back the sheet and kissed her pale lips again and again. "Oh! mother, mother darling," I moaned, "come back or take me with you," while burning tears fell on that calm, smiling face. Father heard me and, coming down, took me tenderly in his arms and told me if I would live as mother had taught us, that when we, too, were called, we would meet her in the bright land whither she had gone, where all was peace and rest. No more parting, no more tears, but a glorious reunion. Mother had suffered cruelly, she was now at rest, and Jesus had bade us to "Mourn not for the dead but for the living."

Before he had finished Annie had joined us, and as he

uttered the closing word, he clasped us both in his arms while he said sadly: "My darlings, you are all I have to live for now."

About nine o'clock four men came into the cabin bearing the coffin. Father read a chapter in the Bible and then, kneeling by the side of his dead wife, offered a simple, fervent prayer, his voice broken with emotion, while hot tears forced themselves from his closed eyes and rolled down his cheeks. Tenderly was mother placed within the coffin. We had no flowers, but father had a scroll saw, and out of some thin sheets of black walnut he made wreaths and crosses, and placed them on the coffin. He seemed to find comfort in doing so.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It was seven weeks before we arrived in port, and the loneliness after mother's death was something terrible. I could hardly endure to stay in the cabin, and spent most of my time on deck. Annie was different. From a little child she was always very staid and old-fashioned; a regular little woman, as those who knew her best used to call her. And the term suited. After mother died Annie took the entire care of me, although I was only two years younger, but had never been taught to wait on myself very much, and besides was rather a harum-scarum. She was as self-reliant and motherly as many girls of twice her age. She used to help me dress, comb my hair and keep my clothes neatly mended, and when many a night I started up with a cry for mother, it was Annie who comforted me.

Just before our arrival in port we encountered a gale, which kept the cabin flooded most of the time and which I shall never forget. It was the first one we had had

since mother died, and of course we had to stay below and have the shutters up. It was necessary to keep a lamp burning day and night, and, worst of all, we were alone most of the time, as in the gale father could be with us but very little. The storm lasted for three days, and until memory fades away I shall never forget the blank desolation that filled that period.

Before the gale was fairly over, I begged so hard that father had the shutters removed because it was so dark and lonely, and even the light of day was company, and seemed less drear. Annie noticed that one of the window curtains had become badly torn, and she thought she would mend it as we were so near port, and she did not want any one to come on board and see that great rent. So, getting the necessary things together, she sat down on the sofa and patiently began her task. She felt weak and seasick but kept bravely at it until an immense wave came curling over the stern, and, breaking on the deck, sent a stream of water through the open window down upon poor Annie, drenching her to the skin. Then she gave up.

Three days after, we sighted land about daybreak, and at two o'clock that afternoon, with a good, strong, fair wind and every sail set, we passed through the Golden Gate, that beautiful entrance to the bay, up which we swiftly sailed.

Our flag was flying at half-mast and naturally at-

tracted a great deal of attention. Long before we reached the wharf, a tiny steam launch from the custom house was sent out to meet us and ascertain the trouble on board. When father saw it coming, he told us to get ready as he should take us right ashore in it before we reached the wharf. That did not occupy much time, and just as the little steamer puffed alongside, we came back on deck all ready.

The side ropes were let down and an important-looking official, in full uniform, stepped on board.

"What ship is this?" was the first question.

"The brig Cadet of New York, from Tal-tal, Chili, with a load of saltpetre," was the quiet reply.

"Why is the flag at half mast? Has there been mutiny on board? Have you lost any of your crew?" the officer asked brusquely.

"My wife, sir," came the answer slowly and sadly. "These are my children," indicating us, as we stood leaning over the rail.

"Ah, indeed!" and over the officer's face there stole a look of deepest pity. When asked if he would take us on shore, he answered quickly, "Most certainly." So we were soon seated in the steamer dancing merrily towards the wharf, leaving the vessel in charge of the mate.

Aunt Kate lived in the suburbs, about three miles out, in a beautiful place overlooking the bay and the Golden

Gate, but the dummy cars, as they are named, carried us to within a quarter of a mile of the house, and it was a very pleasant ride. We enjoyed the short walk still more, as we had been confined to the narrow limits of a vessel so long that it was a luxury to be able to step on terra firma once more.

We were now in the land of sunshine and of flowers, than which I never have seen more beautiful, even in the Tropics. When we arrived at the house we found that Aunt Kate was not at home. One of the girls was, however, and she informed us that our grandmother had been there a week and had watched every day for our vessel. That afternoon they had seen a brig come in flying her flag at half mast, and had come to the conclusion that it must be the Cadet, and had accordingly gone down to the wharf to make sure. We had missed them and decided to await their return. Father could not stay as he had many things to do that needed his immediate attention, so he went back on the next car, promising to return in the evening.

Although our cousin Lizzie did everything for us to make the time pass pleasantly, yet it seemed hours before they returned. Grandmother clasped us closely in her arms but could not speak for tears. By and by when she had become calmer, she told us that they had gone down on board the Cadet as soon as she reached the dock, hoping to find mother still alive, and thinking perhaps

the flag stood for some of the crew. Alas! What shock to that fond mother's heart to gaze on the coffin and know that it hid from her sight forever the dearly beloved daughter, whom she had travelled so many miles to see. The very bitterness of death must have passed through her heart as she stood there gazing down upon it. But she was sustained and comforted by her son, our Uncle Gene, or she could not have borne it. They did not remain long, but on finding we had already gone started to return, uncle accompanying them.

Father came out that evening and spent the night, and the next morning we went down on board, as father wished us to remain with him until we started for the East. Of course grandmother came with us. Mother's remains were then transferred to an undertaker's, where she was removed from the coffin and placed in a metallic casket.

Before we came away we went to a photographer's and sat for our pictures. No one knew we were going, as both father and grandmother were away and we were left to "keep house" for a short time. Cousin Lizzie came down on board and suggested the idea to us, offering to act as our escort. We thought father would be pleased to have the pictures, as he intended to go on another long voyage before coming home. When father returned he thanked us for our thoughtfulness, but grandmother was sorry that we had not waited for her, as we did not stop

to "primp" very much, and she would rather have seen us nicely dressed.

Father took us all to a restaurant one evening where we were served with strawberries and cream. They were the first that we had seen since we left home, such great, luscious, crimson berries and cream so rich and yellow. How good it all did taste!

I begged hard to be allowed to take my numerous pets home with me but grandmother would not hear of such a thing. What! Take two guinea pigs, two rabbits and a dog way from San Francisco to Milbridge? She was thunderstruck at the idea, and I do not wonder. So I gave them all to my cousin Charles with the exception of my little dog Turk, which father wished to keep himself for company.

At last the morning came when we must take our departure. Father engaged a compartment in the sleeping car, and we were to take our meals in the dining car, but he had a hamper packed with the choicest delicacies the market afforded, for fear we might be hungry and need them.

Mother's remains were placed in the baggage car. Father accompanied us to the railway station, and stayed on the train until the bell rang when, clasping us in his arms, he bade us a tender good-bye, and his face, white and sorrowful, was the last one I saw as the train steamed slowly out of the station.

CHAPTER X.

EIGHT DAYS IN A SLEEPING CAR.

This was my first experience in a Pullman sleeper, and I found it very novel and delightful. Our way lay through a beautiful country, and I was never weary of gazing on the scenery as it flashed past. Over all lay the warm, fragrant June sunshine.

By the time the lamps were lighted and the porter appeared to make up the berths, I was thoroughly weary, and glad to creep into the comfortable bed. The monotonous clickerty-click, clickerty-click of the wheels soon sent me off into a sound sleep, while the train rushed on through the darkness.

I will only briefly relate our journey across the continent. It was very tedious crossing the plains, with nothing in sight but the dull green sage-brush, and here and there a small pond of alkali water, while at regular intervals would we stop at a tiny station; then onward. But when we were in among the mountains, it was simply grand. At one station at which we stopped the

scenery was especially awe-inspiring. Here an immense mountain reared its crest many hundreds of feet into the air, while at its foot nestled a clear, limpid lake whose waters lay in its shadow. From the top of this mountain, extending down the sides, was a natural slide, which looked to be about six feet wide and four high, and had the appearance of parallel walls with its foot buried in the still waters of the lake. It was a very wonderful place, bearing the name of "The Devil's Slide."

We rounded "Cape Horn" at midnight, but as the moon was shining brightly, we were able to get a good view of it. The train stopped a long time at the station next west of the Horn and coupled on an extra engine, as it is a very dangerous pass, indeed; although, owing to the extreme caution taken, no accidents have ever happened that I am aware of. Very slowly we steamed out of the station, and in a few minutes more had reached the Horn.

We are right in the heart of the mountains now; and their peaks can be seen as far as the eye can reach, rising one above another, bathed in the soft, clear moonlight. All the passengers in our car are astir, gazing from their windows while they almost hold their breaths. Five thousand feet above us towers the solid perpendicular rock, so near that it almost touches the car. Five thousand feet below us we can dimly make out the tops

of the tallest trees, looking like mere twigs. Between us and eternity, three feet, sometimes less, of ledge, around which the steel rails wind like a bright ribbon. I could not bear to glance down the awful chasm, and hardly drew a long breath until we were fairly round it rolling steadily along once more. There is grand, awe-inspiring scenery in passing through the canons of Colorado.

The Grand Trunk R. R. ran no cars on Sunday, so Saturday night found us in the beautiful French city of Montreal, where we took rooms in a hotel and the next day visited many of the points of interest. Monday morning, bright and early, found us again on the cars.

That night, while the train was rushing onward with a rattle and roar through the darkness, in the sleeper next to ours a little stranger came. Fortunately there was a physician on board, and grandmother also was called upon. In the dim, early light of morning, she returned and I heard her tell one of the ladies in the section next ours that both mother and child were doing well. They reached their destination the next day and were tenderly removed from the cars and placed in an ambulance which had been telegraphed for. Nothing further occurred during the journey worthy of mention.

We arrived in Portland late at night and were driven directly to the boat, which would leave for Milbridge at midnight. We retired as soon as we reached our state-

room, as we were all thoroughly fatigued; and when I awoke the next morning the little room was flooded with the bright sunshine, while through the window my eyes rested on the blue dancing waves of the old familiar ocean. I jumped up, and with dismay found myself the sole occupant of the stateroom. Hurriedly dressing, I made my way on deck where I found Annie and grandmother calmly discussing the contents of our lunch basket, and I speedily joined them. Later on we went down into the saloon and had a cup of hot coffee. We passed dear old Petit Manan, with its tall lighthouse gleaming white above the surf; and as we steamed slowly up the bay, past the old familiar landscape, my heart beat high with joy and gladness at the thoughts of seeing home and friends once more. But the joy was o'er-shadowed by a cloud of sadness, as I thought of our dear mother brought home in her narrow coffin—dead. A crowd of friends and relatives stood on the wharf to welcome us, but in their greeting there were more tears than sunshine, which made the reunion seem so painfully sad. Our home had been all prepared for our coming, and Aunt Julia had a tempting supper ready. Mother's remains were taken out of the wooden box and the casket rested on a sable bier in the front hall, there to remain until the funeral, arranged to take place a week hence. Father wished us to put on deep mourning for a year, and the very next morning the dress-

makers came to fit us. They worked busily, and by the following Sunday all was ready.

Mother was a great favorite with all, and had hosts of friends. In her honor, the church was beautifully decorated with evergreen and flowers. Over the altar, in green, were the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The casket was fairly buried in choice, fragrant flowers which mother loved so well; and even the grave was lined with evergreen. All that could be done by the people to express their loving sympathy was done. The services were very simple and touching, and at their conclusion sobs were heard, and there was not a dry eye in the church as the flower-covered casket was borne down the aisle and placed tenderly in the waiting hearse, while we followed, clad in deepest mourning. Slowly wound the long procession through the village, out to the quiet cemetery. "Dust to dust," the preacher said, and all that was left of our well-loved mother was laid in her final resting place; and we turned away saddened and subdued.

But even the sting of the deepest grief is deadened in time, and I was but a child. I soon learned to accept the new order of things as a matter of course, and thought of mother only as a tender memory. I missed her more as the years rolled on, and as I grew from girlhood to womanhood.

When next we heard from father he had chartered

for a port in the northern part of Russia, Vladivostok. His health was very poor, and he had been staying in Los Angeles several weeks getting rested, leaving the vessel in charge of the mate while taking in cargo. The mate was a native of Addison, Me., and was an honest, reliable man.

So the weeks passed, finally bringing us a letter from father. He had arrived safely in Vladivostok, and was, oh! so sad and lonely, with no improvement in his health. There was no regular mail service there, so it was very doubtful if we heard from him again until he arrived at his next port. He had chartered for Newchwang, China, with a cargo of seaweed. As it was a distance of twelve hundred miles from Vladivostok, it would be months before we should hear from him again.

So the long, hot summer days glided away and gave place to autumn's chilling winds. It was nearing winter when the eagerly looked for letter, bearing a foreign postmark, arrived. It contained sad news. Father was just recovering from a dangerous attack of pneumonia, and was still very weak, barely able to hold the pen but feeling as if he must write.

This letter left us in an agony of suspense. The mails from China were very irregular, and it would be perhaps three months before we should hear from him again. Nightly I would kneel and pray God to spare my father's life and hasten his return. My prayers

were answered, and the very next letter that reached us bore the welcome news that father was on the fair road to recovery, although it might be many months before he entirely regained his health.

CHAPTER XI.

JOYFUL NEWS.

Thus two years, happy, peaceful years, glided into eternity. Grandmother was all to us that a mother could be, while Julia seemed more like an elder sister than an aunt. One day a telegram was brought to us. The Cadet had arrived safely in New York from Hong-Kong, China, and in a few days father would be with us. Good news indeed! Our excitement rose to fever heat, and we could hardly wait for the time that must elapse ere we should see him.

I had just begun taking lessons on the organ, and there was one simple piece that I had learned to play perfectly for father. It was "Home Again, from a Foreign Shore," and now I renewed my practicing so as to be sure to make no mistakes when I played it for him.

At last the eventful day arrived. We were at the wharf to meet him. How eagerly we scanned the passengers for a glimpse of that dear familiar face as the steamer neared the dock. Yes, there he was crossing the

gang-plank, but so pale and thin, a very ghost of the father to whom we had bidden good-bye in San Francisco so long ago, and many, seeing him, said in tones loud enough to be overheard by myself, "Why, Captain Brown looks dreadfully. He will not live three weeks." And it was a very woe-begone little face raised to father's, as I was clasped close to his heart, while tears of which he was not ashamed dimmed his kindly blue eyes.

Father was very glad to get home again, and in the evening I played my long-practiced piece, and was duly praised and kissed. The next day father unpacked his luggage. So many beautiful and costly presents I had never before seen. They gave mute evidence of where his thoughts and heart had been though thousands of miles did separate us. There were satin fans, hand painted and mounted on carved ivory sticks. There were curious cabinets inlaid with pearl and ornamented with quaint Chinese figures, jewel boxes, tall Chinese vases encircled by gilt dragons and covered with raised flowers, curious pin cushions fashioned of gaily colored silk, in the shapes of birds beasts and fishes, a beautiful carved work-box and a camphor-wood chest for each of us, jars of preserved ginger which was delicious, and also a jar of dried fruit, the name of which father did not know but which was fine, and numerous other things. I must not forget the silk dress pattern he chose for us. Silk so rich and heavy it would actually stand alone, but

which was never made up, and why? The color was a brilliant vivid purple. Poor father knew no more about buying a dress than a child would, and had helplessly appealed to a great silk merchant in Hong-Kong, of whom he bought it. On giving our ages, the Chinese showed him this piece as the most suitable. And last, but by no means least, he had had our pictures copied with mother's, in a life-size oil painting, done on silk and framed in a costly gilt Chinese frame. And as I looked at all those beautiful and costly gifts gathered from all parts of China and Japan, my heart filled to overflowing with love and gratitude for that kind father, who in all his pain and sickness had never forgotten his little girls at home.

Father had consulted an eminent physician in New York and he had ordered horseback riding as a beneficial exercise. So father straightway purchased a horse, a beautiful chestnut mare with long flowing tail and mane. Although very high spirited and mettlesome, she was, withal, as gentle as a lamb and Annie used to drive her without fear. Many hours of the early morning did my father spend in the saddle, scouring the country around and gaining health and strength with every passing day.

After father had been at home a few weeks a subtle change came over him. Always neatly dressed, he became fastidious, and we got fewer rides than formerly. The meaning of this was plain—love. Yes, my father

was deeply in its toils. The object of his affections was a fair young widow, scarcely more than a girl, whom he had met on the boat from Portland, on his way home. He learned that her name was Kate Strout, the widow of a lawyer, to whom she was married when very young, and by whom she had been left a widow when nineteen. She was now twenty and resided in Milbridge.

This much he had learned and communicated to grandmother, who was not at all pleased with the turn affairs had taken.

The weeks passed when one day father called us to him and told us that soon we should have a new mother, and that we must love her very much for his sake, and he hoped for her own. Of course the idea of another woman coming to supplant mother was very repellent to us, as it is to all children at first; still, it could not be helped and affairs went smoothly on. I made up my mind that I would call her mother, and try to give her the love that was her due, although it cost me a struggle as I had not forgotten my own mother, nor ever should while memory lasted.

One day she called and took Annie and me for a drive, and before it was finished I was completely infatuated with her, as father had been. She was very pretty, with fair hair, a clear, fresh complexion, large innocent blue eyes and the whitest of teeth, while she was tall and well-formed, in direct contrast to my mother, who had been

small and slight, with large melting brown eyes. Very tenderly did our future stepmother talk to us, and when she left us at our own gate and pressed her soft red lips to mine the conquest was complete, and I watched her drive off with father sitting by her side with mingled feelings of love and admiration.

Not so Annie. She was not so easily won, and although she always liked and respected my stepmother, yet she never loved her nor would ever call her mother. She could not lightly give the sacred name of "mother" to a stranger, and no woman, however true and tender she might be, could ever usurp for one instant mother's place in that loving, loyal heart.

The wedding day dawned clear and bright. They were to be married from the home of an aunt of the bride, who resided in Steuben,] five miles distant from Mil-bridge, and go directly away on their wedding tour, to be absent three weeks. We did not attend the wedding but I saw the bridal dress. It was soft, snowy muslin over pale blue silk, trimmed with quantities of rich foamy laces. The veil was of tulle and fell in misty folds about her slender form. It was fastened on her head with fragrant lilies of the valley, while she carried a bouquet of the same sweet flowers. From beneath the folds of her dress peeped white kid slippers. Very fair she must have looked in her bridal robes, and father might have been forgiven for the pride he felt in her.

While they were absent the house was put in order, newly furnished and everything made as bright as possible. Grandmother felt terribly, and small wonder at it. She had more than filled a mother's place to us, had worked long and faithfully for father's comfort as well as our own, and, moreover, loved us with a devotion no step-mother could ever give.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR STEPMOTHER.

At the end of three weeks they returned and came directly home. Our new mother was clad in a stylish travelling suit and looked prettier than ever, while father was radiant and looked ten years younger. Grandmother and Aunt Julia returned to their home in the old farmhouse the same evening.

Thus commenced a new rule. We soon found out that although they were silken fetters ~~that~~ bound us, yet they could be as inflexible as steel. Our new mother's word was law, from which there was no appeal, but I will say that so long as we obeyed her and tried to do what was right we ever found her kind and indulgent. She was very young and was placed in a hard position for one of her years, and I honestly think she did her best to make the home happy and comfortable; in fact, all that the word implies.

They had been married a year when father bought a large share in the barque Illie, of some eight hundred

tons register and but six years old, a fine, staunchly-built vessel. He decided to take a trip in her, and also to take my step-mother and myself along with him. Annie did not care to go, so father left her with his brother, Uncle Lewis, also a sea captain. Since father's second marriage very cool relations had existed between him and grandmother and although she would have been very glad to have kept Annie with her during our absence, father would not allow it. Annie was to attend the East Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport during the terms and spend her vacations with Uncle Lewis. It was very uncertain how long we should be absent, but probably two years or more.

Mother's health at this time was extremely delicate, and she was strongly advised by her many friends to remain at home, but she could not bear to be parted from father so soon, and was willing to risk all rather than stay at home. I felt very bad at the prospect of parting from Annie, who gave me many injunctions to follow, and much good advice the morning we started.

It was the first of January when we arrived in Boston where we were to join the vessel. Everything was in readiness for us, and we went directly on board. We found the Illie had much better accommodations than are usually found on a merchantman. The captain's state-room was especially large and roomy. It had two windows, and contained a large French swinging bed-

stead, which was stationary when in port, but was an excellent arrangement at sea, as it was weighted in such a manner that when the vessel rolled one way it would swing in the opposite direction and thus always keep upright. It was invaluable in case of sickness, as no matter how rough it was, the person occupying it scarcely felt the motion. There was also a large dressing case and a comfortable couch. The floor was covered with a soft, pretty carpet, and when mother put up snowy lace curtains at the windows it made a cozy little room.

The after cabin was large and roomy with a skylight on top, which let in an abundance of light and also extended over a portion of the forward cabin. It was painted in white, relieved in gilt, and contained a comfortable sofa, several pretty rockers, and a large, stuffed sleepy-hollow chair. The floor was covered with a warm Brussels carpet, while a pretty hanging lamp was suspended from the skylight. My state-room was opposite mother's and the chart room next to hers, while next to mine was the bath-room, which was luxuriously appointed.

Leading from the after cabin was a short passage provided with a slat door which we always kept closed in hot weather, while the outer door remained open, thus allowing a cool current of air to circulate through the cabin and keeping out the heat and glare of the sun. Over each companion-way was a skylight. The forward

cabin was grained, and its floor finished in hard wood, laid with alternate stripes of light and dark. The mainmast went through this cabin and the table was built around it. From this cabin opened the pantry, the two officers' rooms, and a spare state-room. On the whole, I was very much pleased with my new quarters, and looked forward to a long voyage with feelings of unalloyed pleasure.

I had an uncle in Boston and many friends in Chelsea whom I visited frequently while there. My uncle took me to the theatre twice, once to see that great Irish actor, Dion Boucicault, in his celebrated play, "Colleen Bawn" at the Boston Museum. It was a beautiful play, and I sat like one entranced until the curtain fell on the last act. I also went to see "The Silver Spoon," which was very good. I was taken to the various places of interest and enjoyed myself very much. Mother gave me a diary on my birthday with the request to write a short paragraph daily, which injunction I faithfully kept.

We chartered for Sydney, N. S. W., with a general cargo. I had lost none of my interest in seeing the cargo put into the hold, and would stand for hours leaning on the railing, unheeding the cold, watching the many and varied articles that are contained in a general cargo. In the lot was a consignment of twenty organs and a few mowing machines and rakes, besides hundreds of smaller articles.

It took several weeks to load, as everything had to be stowed very carefully. But at last the day came when all was ready. In our crew were first and second officers Whitten and Strout, both natives of Harrington, Me., a mulatto cook and his wife, Minnie, who was white and hailed from England. All the rest of the crew were negroes, a boson and eight common sailors; and a more light-hearted, willing set of sailors I never saw. Always cheerful, always happy, it was a pleasure to watch them at their work, and whether it was pulling on ropes, pumping out ship, or heaving up the anchor, they always burst forth into song. One would sing a few lines alone, then all the rest would join in the chorus, keeping perfect time. Such jolly, rollicking songs they were too. I loved to hear them. Of course they were slow, but they did each duty faithfully; and when above the roar of a gale I could hear the voices of our darky crew rising loud and clear above the sound of wind and sea in one of their cheerful "chanteys," a feeling of safety and comfort stole over me, and in my heart I blessed them for it.

It was a lovely day—the fourth of March—with a spanking breeze ruffling the blue waters of the bay into snowy whitecaps, with the sunshine clear and bright, that we bade farewell to Boston and were towed swiftly down the bay, through the narrows, past the gray old fort, out to the open sea, where both pilot and tugboat left us to

pursue our journey of fifteen thousand miles across the boundless ocean. All sails were set and, with a fair wind and ever rising sea, we stood bravely out past Cape Cod Light, which by dark, was a mere speck miles astern.

Both wind and sea grew heavier every moment; the sun went down in stormy splendor amid the clouds and darkness and flying spume, dyeing the angry waves blood-red, until by ten o'clock it blew a hurricane. At sea, the hours of the watch are told off by a large bell which hangs just over the binnacle and is rung every four hours, and twice in the "dog-watch" or from four to six, P. M. Thus twelve o'clock is eight bells; that is, the bell is struck eight times. Four o'clock is six bells, six o'clock is four bells, and eight o'clock is eight bells. The crew is divided into two watches, port and starboard, under charge of each of the officers. While one watch is down below, the other stays on deck, but in the dog-watch they are generally all on deck while in stormy weather or when near land. Father never came below except to his meals, until all danger was past.

But to return. Mother and I were both sick; that is, I wasn't very sick, but wanted to keep as quiet as possible, while mother was very ill indeed. The shutters were closed and the swinging lamp shed a sickly glare over the cabin. Ever and anon, a huge wave would strike the side with a crash that would make the staunch ves-

sel quiver like an aspen leaf, sweep completely over the "house," and pour in streams down the shutters. Sleep I could not. Every four hours the bell would ring out, sounding far off and subdued above the dull roar of the tempest. Then the outer cabin door would open, and the roar would be almost deafening until it blew to with a bang and I could hear the mate stumbling down the stairs in his dripping oil-skins, knock loudly on the door of the second mate to rouse him, then "turn in" to his own room and snatch a few moments' sleep.

As often as he could, father would make us a flying visit to see if all was well, for Minnie, too, was sick, and unable to attend mother. I can see him yet, standing under the flickering light of the wildly swinging lamp, the water running off his oils-kins in streams, his face all wet with rain, beaming kindly at us from under his dripping sou'wester as he told us how the Illie was weathering it. But these welcome visits were few and far between, as a ship at sea is always in danger, and a captain cannot leave his post be he ever so weary.

The hours wore on. Suddenly there came the order sharp and clear, "All hands on deck to take in sail." A reef must be taken in the storm trysail, and presently a loud trampling of feet over our heads told that the men were busy at their task. A swift, violent lurch, and the heavy main-boom swung far out over that seething caldron with the men clinging to it like flies. It swings

back, but O, my God!—one of their number is missing.

A long, agonized cry rises above the roar of the tempest, and an answering shout comes from the vessel. "Man overboard!" a cry that seems to freeze the very blood in our veins as we lay in awful, breathless suspense. Instantly a life preserver is thrown over the side in the hope that the poor wretch may be able to grasp it. As quickly as possible the vessel is brought to and a boat lowered, but alas! it is capsized as soon as it touches the water. In that awful wind and sea no boat could live an instant.

The men try to peer through the darkness, but can see naught but huge foaming waves breaking on every side. They halloo, but naught replies but the shriek of the tempest, except for that one heartrending cry of "Help! Oh Help!" No other sound have they heard. Poor fellow, poor fellow, beyond all human help, and with this knowledge thus forced home to them, they turn away, with heavy, saddened hearts.

Only a negro, but with a soul as white as ours.

The gale lasted three days, during which the vessel rolled frightfully. Down she would roll to starboard, bringing up with a tremendous jerk; then to port. Sometimes she would get into the trough of the sea—which means to swing broadside on the waves—when it seemed as if we must roll over, until by great exertion she was brought head on to the wind and the waves once more.

In a heavy gale it always required two men at the wheel.

At the end of three days the gale was over and naught remained of its late fury except a heavy swell, while not a breath of air ruffled the intense blue of the enormous oily rollers. The shutters were now removed and the windows opened to the welcome light and soft balmy air. For the first time since our departure I was able to appear at the table and eat with some degree of appetite. Not so with mother. Many days passed before she was able to leave her bed and crawl weakly on deck, where, in a comfortable deck chair, she could sit and drink in new life with every breath of the delicious sea breeze, thus improving rapidly. In Minnie, who was now fully recovered, she found an excellent, cheerful nurse.

We were now running into warmer weather every day and in two weeks were fairly in the "trades" and with a steady fair wind were bowling along merrily.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE STRANGER.

We had been out sixteen days, when one morning when I awoke, an air of mystery pervaded the cabin. Mother's door was closed and father and Minnie were with her. Hastily dressing, I partook of a light breakfast and went on deck.

It was a beautiful day. The seabirds circled overhead while the blue waters of the ocean flashed and scintillated in the bright sunshine, and over all arched the tender, smiling heavens. I saw father come on deck once with a white, anxious face, address a few words to Mr. Whitten, and go below again. I was soon absorbed in my book, and was surprised when eight bells rang out loud and clear. Somewhat mystified, I went below and ate my dinner. Father did not appear, but before I finished Minnie joined us, and informed me that mother was sick. After the meal was over I went back on deck.

The hours pass. Six bells, and with a weary sigh I arise and turn to go below. Mr. Whitten sees me and

comes over. "We have picked up a little stranger since morning," he says with a twinkle in his dark eyes. Before I can reply, I see father standing in the companion-way. The white, worried look is all gone, and in his eyes is a light that I never saw before. "Come down and see who is here," he called out gaily. With a beating heart I follow. Mother is lying back on the pillows, pale and wan, but with a happy light shining all over her face, while beside her wrapped in soft, white flannels and lace, lies a tiny, golden-haired babe, with its mother's large, innocent blue eyes. With a full heart I leaned over him and softly kissed his chubby face. I placed my finger in his soft pink hand, which immediately closed tightly over it, and with the touch of those tiny, velvet fingers a great love was born in my heart for this dear, wee bit of humanity, and I registered a solemn vow to be to him a fond and faithful sister.

Mother gained strength very slowly, but the baby was a strong, vigorous little chap and grew like a weed. When he was three days old, father actually carried him on deck and proudly exhibited him to the admiring crew, who had been summoned aft for the purpose. They crowded around and gazed down upon the tiny stranger with their honest black faces wreathed in smiles, for they considered it a great honor to be called aft just to admire "Massa Cap'en's little son."

As he grew older, the baby developed into a very

handsome little fellow, and was the pet and darling of the whole ship. He had a pink and white complexion, and his soft, golden hair clustered in bright curls all over his small head. They named him Sydney, in honor of our destined port, as it was the first land he ever stepped on. The days passed pleasantly. Sometimes we would amuse ourselves catching the seabirds that flocked overhead. Mother wanted a muff made of the breasts of albatrosses, and she laughed at the popular superstition regarding them. So, much against his will, father ordered four of the finest to be killed, the method employed being to run a long, sharp needle into the brain, when death was instantaneous. Whether there is any truth in the superstition or not it was certainly verified in this case, as the Illie never reached American waters again.

When we reached the Doldrums it was very monotonous, and so hot. Morning after morning would we open our eyes on the same heaving, glassy sea, with the burning sun riding in the clear metallic blue of the heavens. Night after night would we watch it sink to rest, a fiery ball in the quiet ocean. And the stars would come peeping out, points of light in the soft, purple sky. In vain we sighed and panted for a breath of cool air. None came; the sails flapped idly against the masts with every lazy roll of the vessel. Poor little Sydney drooped and faded under the burning heat. The touch

of the bare hand on the hot deck was painful, while everything was cracked and shriveled. We had plenty of water, but it was so warm and tasteless as to be most unpalatable unless mixed with lime juice or claret. Oh! how I longed with an intense longing for a cool drink of spring water.

At last, as I awoke one morning, came the welcome sound of the water, whirling swiftly beneath the vessel's counter. We were past the fearful Doldrums, and every sail strained as the Illie lay well over to the smart breeze. As you approach the equator, going south, a day is gained; while sailing from it a day is lost. It happened that the extra day, and the day before fell on Sunday. It seemed very strange to retire Sunday night, and arise the next morning and find it still Sunday, and we observed them both. No unnecessary work was allowed on either day, and it was extremely dull.

Off the Cape of Good Hope we encountered the usual heavy gale which is generally raging there. It lasted a week. It was too rough for us to be on deck so we spent the most of the time in bed. The shutters had to be kept up and the lamp lighted during the entire week. The table was not set at all, nor could hot coffee be obtained as it was impossible to light a fire in the galley stove. We lived on biscuit and canned stuff that week. Minnie was not visible, and mother was sick, so I had to get her what she required, and also attend Sydney. It

was hard work as I could scarcely make my way around the cabin the vessel rolled and plunged so badly. During this gale the cook caught several flying fish, which were nicely fried and served for our breakfast, as soon as the weather moderated sufficiently to permit the fire to burn. They are my favorite fish, and are very rare. I always saved the delicate, cobwebby wings and brought them home to present to my friends, who considered them a great curiosity.

One bright morning, several days after the storm, as we sat at breakfast, came a loud cry of "Sail Ho" from the lookout. A welcome diversion! We rushed on deck and could just discern a small speck on the horizon. It was a vessel, sure enough, and she was coming rapidly toward us. If she came near enough we would signal her.

To those who have been on the sea so many weeks, nothing breaks the monotony so pleasantly as to come up with a ship and speak her. How handsome and stately she looked as she came rapidly toward us rising and falling on the flashing blue waves, a white curl of foam breaking away on either side of her sharp black bows, while her snowy canvass rose sail on sail, a mass of dazzling white. She was a large, full-rigged ship, and her decks were crowded with passengers of both sexes. Hastily we ran up the American ensign. Would she respond? A moment, and we see the blood-red flag of

England run gracefully up. And now comes the fun. Rapidly the signals are exchanged. What ship is it? Who is in command? Where from? And where bound? And if all is well with her? And we give her the same information. How interesting it is to watch the pretty signals flutter quickly to her peak, while we as quickly answer. Then they are hauled down and up go a different set.

We are now too far away to clearly discern the meaning of the signals, so we dip our flag three times, which is in token of good-bye. The signal is courteously returned, and we stand on our course and are soon out of sight. As soon as we arrive father reports this ship to the custom house, as is necessary. One day we sighted eight vessels and signaled them all but one, which passed us too far away to see the signals. At other times we would not sight a vessel for the entire voyage.

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO WEEKS IN BASS STRAITS.

After a long and prosperous voyage, with the exception of the loss of one man, we entered Bass Straits. How welcome was the sight of land once more; but if we entertained the idea that we were going to sail calmly through the straits in a few days, we were doomed to disappointment. With a good fair wind we ought to have made it in forty-eight hours or less, but we had light, baffling winds, followed by a strong head wind and sea, and were obliged to beat, making very little headway.

This lasted two weeks and we were still in the straits and well-nigh discouraged. At least I was. Two days before we left the straits, we sighted a large barque just before sunset, apparently bound the same way as we were, as she, too, was beating. About dark we came near enough to signal her. We could see three ladies standing on the quarter-deck.

Imagine our joy when we found it was the Mary E.

Russell, of, and from, New York, bound for Sydney. The captain hailed from Addison, Me., just sixteen miles from our own home, and was now accompanied by his wife, daughter, and a niece. His name was Nichols. We ran close enough to them to talk easily back and forth, and Capt. Nichols made a bet with father as to which vessel would reach port first.

That night at eight bells, the wind shifted and with every stitch of canvas set, our vessel flew along like a thing endowed with life, sending the glittering spray in showers over the decks. The next morning father made the joyful announcement that, if the breeze held, we should be in Sydney by dark. On we flew past the green, smiling shores, with their white houses clustering here and there among the waving trees, with the bright sunshine shedding its radiance over all.

How beautiful it looked to our tired eyes, which had rested on nothing but sky and water for more than three weary months. Our pilot was taken on board and we sailed triumphantly past the towering white cliffs that stand, like huge sentinels, on each side of that world-famous harbor, second to none in point of beauty and safety, unless, indeed, we except the harbor of Rio Janerio.

After passing the cliffs, the wind fell and a tug was signaled, which was soon alongside, and we were towed briskly along, following the many turns and windings of

that most beautiful bay, until, on making a final turn, the city of Sydney lay before us. It is situated on the side of a bluff, with rows of white houses rising in tiers one above the other, and scores of ships nestled at its feet, while all around us flashed the blue waters of the bay in its setting of emerald green. With a rattle and a heavy splash down went the anchor, and the Illie swung easily at her moorings, and was soon surrounded by the usual crowd of venders' boats, laden with fresh meat, fruit, and vegetables. They were soon lightened of their load, however.

How still it seemed after the roar and the rush of winds and wave, the rattle of ropes and cordage. How funny to be able to walk across the decks without having to balance one's self. Down in the cabin, all was silent. The swinging lamp hung motionless, and no sound broke the stillness except the loud tick, tick, of the clock, which was imperceptible at sea.

There were many ships and steamers anchored near or lying at the numerous wharves; and, leaning over the railing, watching the animated scene and munching a delicious pear, I was as happy a girl as could be found anywhere. Near me, seated in a low deck-chair, sat mother with Sydney on her lap, while from the galley stole a delicious aroma, which foretold what our supper would be.

The next day we hauled into the wharf and began

discharging cargo. The awnings were spread, the vessel cleaned, the decks made white as snow, being scrubbed down and holystoned every morning, long before we were astir. Every bit of brasswork was polished until it sparkled in the sun, and the sails were unbent and sent down from aloft.

The next day who should be towed past us to the wharf just below, but our old friend, the *Mary E. Russell*? So she was beaten, and badly, too, and father had won his bet. We waved our handkerchiefs as they went past. We subsequently called on them many times, and found them very pleasant people. Among the many pleasant friends we made in Sydney, there were none so well liked as Mr. Roberts and his wife. He was cashier of the big shipping firm to which our cargo was consigned, and both he and his wife were English Colonials. They had one child, D'Arcy, about the age of our baby. They lived at Ashfield, one of the many beautiful suburbs of Sydney, situated about ten miles out and reached by train. Mr. Roberts came in to his business each morning and returned at night.

Tramway cars run through the streets of Sydney just as the electrics do here, and they are extremely noisy and disagreeable. But regular lines of railway connect the principal places of Australia. The engines are like ours, although the cars are constructed in the English style, that is, divided into compartments or carriages as

they call them there. Mrs. Roberts had a sister, Ella Kippax, who was just my age; and a very quiet, lady-like girl she was too. She resided in Sydney and many a night did she spend on board with me.

Some of the Australian people, although highly educated, have a very vague idea of America. I have had them ask me if there were any very good schools in America, and if the country were as large as Australia. They supposed there were so many Indians parading the streets in warpaint and feathers, that we would be afraid to venture out of doors for fear of being scalped, and all such foolish things.

I used to get really provoked sometimes, and would defend my native land with more warmth and vigor than the occasion called for. Ella and I had many a falling out over that very thing. She could not believe the many wonderful things that I would tell her of America, and did not hesitate to tell me so when I waxed eloquent. They could not realize the millions of people, the great and beautiful cities, the wonderful inventions and the high state of civilization existing in America. On the other hand, since my return, I have had just such absurd questions put to me by people whose common sense should teach them better about Australia and its ways.

One day I accompanied Mrs. Nichols and her party to a suburb, called Botany Bay. Mother intended going

but company coming unexpectedly to spend the day kept her at home. We went in an observation car, and the scenery was something beautiful. But as we only went for a ride, we did not leave the car at all, which had been chartered especially for the occasion. Mother went on shore very little as our nurse and her husband had gone, and Sydney was teething and quite troublesome. However, we went to all the points of interest in Sydney, visited its many beautiful public buildings, wandered through its cool, shady parks, and rode through a few of its suburbs.

CHAPTER XV.

THROUGH TORRES STRAITS.

Our next destination was Surabaya, Java. Finding freights very dull in Sydney, we took in ballast and proceeded on our way, thinking we might find something better. Nearly all of our merry darky crew had deserted, along with the old boson, not because they were ill-treated, but because it seems to be a sailor's nature not to remain on one vessel long at a time. At every port some of the crew will surely desert, although they forfeit their wages and, in some rare instances, their clothes. We also had a new cook and his wife, a young Scotch couple, who had their baby with them, a poor, weak, puny little mite, who picked up wonderfully in the invigorating sea air.

There were two ways to go to Surabaya. The shorter way, by several hundred miles, lay through Torres Straits. These straits are very dangerous, so dangerous, in fact, that no company will insure a vessel which makes the attempt to sail through them. And its many rocks and

treacherous, hidden coral reefs, as well as its frequent volcanic eruptions, do not constitute its greatest danger. Its shores and many islands are peopled with a very hideous race of savages, many of whom are cannibals; so should anything befall our vessel, our chances for life would be slim indeed.

One thing favored us. It was a season of the year when the terrible hurricanes, which at certain seasons sweep through these islands, were unknown. After much anxious thought, father decided to push through the straits. We had a fair, steady wind, and the islands looked very fair and smiling, clothed in their luxuriant tropical verdure. Father deemed it best to anchor at night. At intervals during the day we espied a canoe of savages sailing along under their queer-shaped sail made from cocoanut fibres, but none came very near and the day wore on uneventfully. When night came we anchored under the lee of a small island, where the water was as calm and quiet as if we lay in a landlocked harbor and fathoms deep close in shore. A watch was set who kept a sharp lookout for marauders. It was two days before we emerged safely on the other side, and I think we all breathed freer.

We had to pass through Sunda Strait before we reached Java, but at that time it was all clear and navigation was considered safe, but since then you have all read, doubtless, of that terrible earthquake in Java, where-

by one whole city sank and more than fifty thousand people were drowned; while in these very straits whole islands sank and others were thrown up in their places, as well as innumerable reefs, and so completely obstructed navigation through them.

The scenery was grand. The islands are volcanic, and very mountainous. We passed many extinct volcanoes, whose immense craters yawned hideously. The shores were fringed with rich tropical foliage, the drooping banana palm, the graceful date, the tall cocoanut tree rearing its smooth, round trunk many feet into the air, while at the top under a spreading bunch of foliage clustered its pale brown fruit. The spreading mango and the sweet orange and lemon trees all mingled together in bewildering splendor.

Our first stop was at Bangiwangi, but we were there only two days when we proceeded to Surabaya. There were more American vessels here than there were at Sydney; eight of them, all anchored near each other and slightly apart from the rest. There were more than sixty vessels of all nations in the harbor, all lying at anchor. English ships predominated. We dropped anchor among our little fleet of countrymen, and hardly had we come to a standstill when two of the captains came on board. One was Captain Allen of the barque *Vilora H. Hopkins*, a vessel built in Milbridge; and the other Captain Flynn of the barque *Great Surgeon*, hailing from

Cape Cod. We were much pleased at meeting them. If there is anything that will arouse one's patriotism and make one welcome all countrymen, always providing they are respectable, it is to enter a foreign port and among so many strange vessels see the glorious Stars and Stripes floating from the masts of the few, and to be accorded a hearty welcome in the dear old native tongue. It matters not in what part of the United States is their home, they are Americans, and as such are welcome, whether they come from Maine or California. It is a strange thing, but the American vessels to be found in foreign waters are always a small minority among hundreds of other nationalities.

Capt. Flynn informed us that he was accompanied by his wife and little son, Stanley, and he would bring them to call on us shortly. Capt. Allen said that business was extremely dull, and that he had been there five weeks without a single offer, and many others reported the same thing. We became very intimate with Mrs. Flynn and I spent one night on board her vessel, and several times she sent the boat for me when Stanley was dull and wanted me to amuse him. He was a dear little fellow of five years, and I became very much attached to him.

A few rods back of us lay a large English ship, the "Devewn," commanded by Captain Patterson, with his family on board, consisting of his wife and two small children. We became acquainted with them, and mother

and Mrs. Patterson, who were about the same age, became very fast friends. She was a fine-looking woman many years her husband's junior, tall and slender, with the grace and bearing of an empress, dark hair, lustrous dark eyes and with one of those transparent red and white complexions that one often sees among the English, but rarely elsewhere.

Capt. Patterson was a man of considerable wealth, who still followed the sea, out of pure love for it rather than for the money he could earn. He was chief owner of the *Devewu*, a splendid iron ship of fifteen hundred tons burden. The cabin was luxuriously appointed. A private steward waited on the captain and wife at table, on which a real china dinner service was used, delicate as sea-foam and each piece stamped with the ship's name; and a solid silver service, while no hotel in England could boast of better fare. We took dinner with them once, and the softly carpeted saloon, the glittering side-board, the snowy table with its gleam of costly silver and glass, seemed more like a fairy bower than a room on a merchant ship.

One evening, as a great favor, she showed us her rare collection of jewelry, and I never saw so many pretty things before; that is, in the ownership of one person. They were gathered from all parts of the world. She had one set of silver, so delicately traced it looked as if a breath might blow it away. She had diamonds and rubies

and emeralds and exquisite sets of rosy coral. Then the ball dress of satin and filmy lace, her graduating dress and the beautiful bridal dress of ivory satin, were all unfolded to our gaze. Capt. Patterson fairly worshipped his wife and could afford to gratify all her whims, which were many, as she was like a spoiled child.

Father hired a sampan, as the native boats are called, and a crew of coolies while we were there, as our men could not work in the burning sun. The sampan came after him in the morning and brought him home at night. They are long and narrow and are painted very gaily in bright red and green. About midway of these boats is a wide, cushioned seat with a colored awning stretched over it where the passengers sit. One of the native boatmen sits behind with a steering paddle, and the other in front and rows with a pair of wooden paddles that resemble nothing so much as wooden bread-spoons on a very large scale. All the captains employ these sampans in preference to using their own boats, as the charges are ridiculously cheap, being but a few cents a day. Lying lazily back in the cushioned seat, under the cool awning, all dressed in snowy linen, a white cork hat lined with cool green upon his head, the passenger can take solid comfort during the long row to the shore. The natives themselves go in for more comfort than elegance, seldom wearing anything more than a pair of dirty white trousers, reaching to their knees, and a queer hat,

which looks for all the world like a huge toadstool. It is gaily painted and adorned with curious figures. Shirts are seldom seen among the natives, while the children are clothed in nature's garb alone.

Every day venders' sampans visited the vessel, some laden with delicious fruit, and some with all sorts of curios, with now and then a cage of pretty, gray marmosets, a pair of brilliant parrots or showy cockatoos. They have a laughable way of trading. A boat never contained more than one native. This one would fill a large basket with his wares and walk deftly up the gangway with it balanced on his head. Setting it down before us, he would retire a few steps, squat on his heels and gravely contemplate us. His basket contained many beautiful things in lacquer work and delicate silk fabrics. Having espied one that particularly took her fancy, mother would pick it up and inquire the price. An extravagant one is named. Mother shakes her head and names the amount she thinks the article is worth, a very modest sum. A look of horror crosses the man's face, as he picks up his basket and prepares to depart. Mother has been initiated into their ways, so says nothing, but stands her ground. Presently the man returns and offers the article at a much reduced price. No use. Mother remains firm. This much she will give and no more. Many times this is repeated, until finally he returns for the last time, takes up the article

in despair, thrusts it into her hands and takes what she first offered; then, with a doleful sigh, sits complacently down on his heels again, well knowing that he has after all the best end of the bargain. With every article he sells, the same performance is gone over.

It is needless to state that not much shopping can be done in a day, for on shore at the shops it is always the same. We bought many beautiful things of them, however, one of the oddest being a lacquered writing desk, with a large gilt dragon on the top. I bought Annie a jewel case in the form of a large apple, for which I paid the modest sum of a quarter of a rupee, equal in value to ten cents. We never had to drive a bargain with the fruit vender, however, as for one cent you can buy a great bunch of delicious bananas, which, being left on the tree to ripen, have a flavor never found in the same fruit picked green and then allowed to ripen.

All fruit is cheap in proportion, with the exception of the mangosteen. This fruit is very rare, even in Java, and is never exported. In size it is as large as a peach, with a thick, brown husk. This is cut in twain, revealing the rich fruit beneath, golden yellow on the outer edge shading to a soft, delicate pink near the center. But the flavor is delicious, and cannot be described. I can only say, it tastes like no other fruit, nor does it resemble any, but stands alone, queen of the fruit world. They cost a dollar a dozen in that land of cheap fruits.

CHAPTER XVI.

SURABAYA—THE BURNING SHIP.

Surabaya is a large city of sixty thousand inhabitants, the majority being Malays, while the aristocratic and wealthy portion are Dutch. Of course a few people of all nationalities are resident here, as in other places, but their numbers are small. The American consul's family consisted of his wife and three small children. Their names were Brigham. They had resided there four years, but the excessive heat was proving rather too much for Mrs. Brigham, who looked like a broken lily and intended returning home to New York very shortly. We received an invitation to dine with them on a certain day. It dawned a perfect morning. The waters of the bay shimmered rosily in the bright sunshine, and a cool, gentle breeze just ruffled the tiny wavelets. We started bright and early, clad in cool, thin dresses, as in the middle of the day the heat is intense, something terrible, and we wished to get on shore before the sun was up so high as to be unpleasant. After the shore it-

self is reached a canal more than half a mile long has to be traversed before you reach the landing leading to the consul's home. All the fresh water that is used on the vessels or in the city comes from this canal. Of course it is filtered, but after passing through that sink of filth we came to the conclusion that no purifying process ever invented would render that water fit to drink. At the canal the rower fastened a long tow-rope to his waist and leaped ashore. The other still used his steering oar at intervals. The canal is walled with stone, with stone steps every few rods. These steps swarmed with perfectly naked children, engaged in the delightful exercise of swimming, with their smooth, brown bodies glistening in the sunlight. At another flight a woman was doing the weekly washing, while just opposite, another was washing the rice for the family dinner in a huge tin pan.

Their method of washing clothes is unique. They dip them in the water, souse them up and down a few times then whip them on to the stone steps and pound them briskly with a stick. They wash for the white people altogether, and for the immense vessels and steamers, and their clothes come out snowy white. They do not have to trouble themselves much concerning their own clothing, as they wear very little. A short calico skirt worn with a sleeveless waist constitutes the full dress costume. All the filth of the city is dumped into this

canal. How would you enjoy drinking the water? I do not wonder that the dreaded cholera rages, as it generally does in this climate.

Finally our boat grated against the last flight of steps, overhung by an immense tamarind tree. Stepping ashore we walked slowly up the beautiful street. How quiet it seemed for a large city. The streets are not paved and are shaded by tamarind trees with their beautiful, delicate foliage and loads of fruit. There are no street cars gliding noisily along. Sometimes we could see a carriage whirling along behind its span of diminutive ponies, and natives everywhere hurrying along with their loads balanced on their heads, their bare feet falling on the unpaved street.

A short walk brought us to the consul's residence, a large square structure, painted white with green blinds. A veranda ran around three sides of it, well shaded by trees. The cook-house and servants' quarters were in the rear, built entirely away from the house, which, in that hot climate, was a great advantage. Labor is very cheap, and the consul employed no less than twenty-five native servants of both sexes at a cost less than for two good servants here in America, and they gave perfect satisfaction. Inside it looked very cool and inviting. The rooms were all carpeted in snowy Indian matting and the furniture was all light willow or bamboo, while the draperies that shaded the windows were of snowy

muslin and lace. No stuffed furniture or hot, heavy rugs and draperies, but all airy, light and comfortable.

Dinner, which is called tiffin there, is partaken of at two o'clock, and consists of all sorts of Java dishes, in which rice takes the most prominent place, served in its most inviting form. Many of the queer looking viands that were passed us, I do not know the name of, but they were very nice, notwithstanding. We spent a very pleasant day and returned by moonlight. Several times after we visited the shore in company with friends, sometimes calling on Mrs. Brigham, but oftener to wander through the cool, fragrant streets. When the dinner hour arrived we would join father and repair to a hotel, where we would partake of an excellent dinner. The afternoon was spent in shopping. We had a young darky on board about sixteen years of age, whom father detailed to carry Sydney for us on these excursions.

While in Sydney a friend of mine presented me with a fine large retriever named Carlo. He was a fine watchdog, and would allow nobody but the crew to set foot on board after dark. Carlo was death to all natives, but grew so savage in Java that we were obliged to keep him chained, as never a day passed without some native coming on board. I remember one occasion in particular, when the water tug was alongside replenishing our casks. Her captain and crew were Malays. The captain was quite an aristocratic Malay it is true, and was neatly

dressed in white duck, with a white straw hat on his head, but still a Malay. Carlo was chained, but the moment that man stepped his foot on board, with a frenzied effort, the slender chain was snapped in two, and before any one could interfere, Carlo hurled himself upon him. Two of our men dragged the dog off, while the poor Malay, with a great piece torn from his leg, his trousers in shreds and himself badly frightened, limped aft. Fortunately, father was at home, and deftly bound up the injured member after cauterizing the wound. A small sum of money and a new pair of trousers presented to the man quickly soothed his ruffled feelings, and he retreated to his boat.

The tide runs like a mill-race here in the bay, and boats have to be moored with two and sometimes three anchors, to ride in safety.

One morning we were aroused very early by a cry of "Fire!" Hastily dressing, we rushed upon deck. Riding at anchor; some distance ahead of us, at the extreme outer edge of the harbor, was a large German barque sugar-laden. She was all ready for sea and was to have sailed that day, having been towed out to that position the night before. From amidships rolled a dense volume of thick, black smoke. Not a soul was on board. She must have been deliberately set on fire and deserted but for what reason no one ever knew. The tide was running very strongly right towards the crowded harbor.

It is an awe-inspiring sight to watch a burning vessel, even when one is safe in port, in one's own vessel. Swiftly burned the doomed vessel. The fire had gained too much headway when first discovered to be checked, so nothing could be done. Now her masts go over the side with a dull crash, sending up a cloud of steam as they strike the water. Now the capstan has burned away, and what was feared has come to pass. The vessel is one mass of fiery flames from stem to stern, and drifts slowly down toward that mass of shipping, a menace to all with which it may come in contact. And now many boats put off to her, more out of curiosity than anything else. Mother expresses a desire to go, and we are soon seated in the boat rowing swiftly towards her. Ah! Now she catches in the bow-chains of a large three master, and swings broadside on against her. She is gotten off with great difficulty, and leaves several fiery little tongues of flame running through the rigging of the big ship, which are extinguished, however, without much injury.

Three times does she drift afoul of other vessels without seriously damaging them. A miracle, surely, as her way lay through the thickest of them. And now the fire has reached the cabin, while boats of all descriptions swarm thickly around her. Next comes a dull, heavy report, followed quickly by another and yet another, sending clouds of fiery sparks high in the air,

and scattering bits of burning wood in all directions, There was powder in the cabin, but it did not accomplish its object of blowing up the vessel, if that was the object, for she still floats. Quickly the boats, gathered so thickly around her, disperse, and she continues to drift on alone until she brings up on a sand-bar, at the extreme outer edge of the harbor, where she soon burns to the water's edge.

We found that a falling spark had burned a small hole in Sydney's white hat, although we were on the outer edge of the boats. We now began to think of breakfast, but as our way lay past the Devewn on our course home, we called just a moment. The burning derelict just cleared the Devewn, by a hair's breadth, and we found that the fright completely prostrated Mrs. Patterson who was very nervous. After expressing hopes that she would soon recover from the shock, we proceeded to our own vessel.

CHAPTER XVII.

TAGAL—LOADING SUGAR.

I must relate an amusing incident that occurred while at Surabaya. We had a fancy load of poultry, which father purchased there, and for which an exorbitant price was paid; but as the hens were all good layers, we had at least the luxury of plenty of fresh eggs. The rooster was very handsome with long, drooping tail feathers of golden bronze. Oneday he perched himself on the rail, presumably to crow, overbalanced himself and over he went. Now I thought too much of that rooster to stand calmly by and see him drown, so I ordered the men to get him. A noose was quickly made in a rope, in which the little darky John sat, and was lowered over the stern. Just as the rooster went sailing by John made a grab for him, but the noose slipped up about his neck, nearly choking the poor fellow, and causing roars of laughter from the sailors on deck. He missed the rooster, however, and was drawn to the deck sputtering and swearing. Two

of the men now jumped into the boat which trailed astern and gave chase for the cause of all this trouble, which was now far astern with only his head above the water. When they brought him on board he was a very sorry looking bird indeed, with his tail-feathers uncurled and his bravado completely soaked out of him.

The hot days quickly flew by. There are no twilights in the tropics ; but when the sun sets, unless there is a moon, darkness intense settles as swiftly down as if light were extinguished. The night is like a heavy pall. But the glorious moon never seems to shine so radiantly elsewhere as in the tropics, nor the stars to be so large and bright.

Five weeks went by, and then father received orders to proceed to Tagal, Java, and there load with sugar for Sydney again. The day before we sailed, the mail steamer arrived, bringing us a letter from Annie. She was still attending school and doing well. We all wrote to her in reply, father inclosing a hundred dollar check, and mailed the letter in Surabaya. I was very glad at the prospect of seeing my friends in Sydney once again.

Tagal was a very small town, and we would probably be there six weeks at least. When Mrs. Flynn came on board to bid us farewell, Stanley brought me two kittens as a keepsake. One was maltese, the other black. Poor little fellow. He cried very bitterly at parting,

and I knew that in giving me his pets, he had given his dearest possession, and I appreciated the gift accordingly.

The day fixed for sailing arrived. All the vessels in our little fleet, as we called it, had their flags flying and dipped them gracefully as we sailed past, while Mrs. Patterson and the children accompanied us some distance out to sea, returning in the pilot boat. As everybody was busy I undertook to respond to the many friends who were dipping their flags to us, while ours up to this time remained stationary, but the ropes getting hopelessly entangled, I was obliged to call on father to assist me. He dipped the flag slowly three times, bringing it to the rail each time, with the remark that that would have to answer for them all, as he was too busy to bother. We had left many pleasant friends behind us, and it was with tear-dimmed eyes that I saw them slowly fade from sight. Presently the pilot boat left us, and we were once more alone on the heaving ocean, with Surabaya a dim, blue outline, miles astern. I was half glad, too, as I looked off on the blue sparkling sea and felt the cool breeze fanning my hot cheek.

Two days before we reached Tagal we were becalmed. It grew suffocatingly hot as the wind died away. The glassy surface of the ocean reflected the black hull and snowy canvas of ~~our~~ vessel, while far off to our left could be seen the low-lying land, fringed with cocoa-

nut trees, rising dim and blue above the bluer sea, while the fierce tropical sun beat down upon us unmercifully. After sweating and fuming the best part of the day, father conceived the brilliant idea of taking a swim, the water looked so cool and inviting. In vain mother besought him to give up the idea, in view of the danger from sharks. We had not seen any, however, since leaving port, and father pooh-poohed the idea of their being any within miles of us. Accordingly he went below, and soon reappeared, garbed in his bathing suit. Then, mounting the railing, he dove down, down, down, into the blue waters beneath, and as the sea closed over him, a great wave of utter desolation seemed to sweep through me. Mother stood at my side with Sydney in her arms, and gazed at the spot where he had disappeared, with a face as white as death. That it was the height of folly, as well as danger, we knew perfectly well. After what seemed hours, but in reality were only a few seconds, father came to the surface some distance from the vessel towards which he struck out vigorously, his face beaming with smiles.

"For the love of heaven, James!" mother said pleadingly, "I beg of you not to dive again, I am so afraid of sharks."

Father readily gave the desired promise, and then asked her to come in with him, the water was so delightfully cool. After much persuasion, mother also donned

a bathing suit. The side ladder was placed over the rail, and a rope fastened around her waist and tied to the railing, as she could not swim. Very pretty and graceful she looked in her short bathing suit, her bright hair unbound and floating over her shoulders. She enjoyed her swim very much, and came back on deck much refreshed.

Hardly did they stand safely on deck when we espied two immense man-eating sharks circling slowly around the vessel, their dorsal fins cutting the water smoothly. If father and mother had lingered in the water a moment longer, what would have been their fate? Surely a kind providence ever watches over us.

A gentle breeze soon ruffled the water into tiny wavelets, and we slowly gathered headway and glided along merrily. Two days after, we arrived in Tagal and anchored in the roadstead, some distance from the shore. This town is also reached by a canal, but a short one.

Shortly after our arrival we threw out the ballast of rocks and dirt, and began taking in sugar. It was brought from shore in lighters and father was obliged to hire a native crew to stow the cargo, as none of our men could stand the fearful heat of the hold. All the natives live on is rice, and a small, sun-dried fish, cut in strips and eaten with the rice, as a relish. It does not cost much to keep them. Our cook used to boil the

rice in a big kettle. When noon came it was placed in a huge pan and placed on the main hatch. The natives would then squat comfortably on their heels in a circle around it, and all eat out of the same dish with their fingers. They used neither knives, forks, or spoons. The fish they brought with them. It is ~~it~~ marvelous, how they do the amount of work that they can do on such a slender diet, unvaried from day to day.

Both sexes of the natives of Java chew the betel nut, which they mix with quick-lime, and which they esteem a great luxury. It stains their lips and teeth a deep, yellowish red, and looks very repulsive. After they have eaten their dinner they slip the betel nut in their mouths. Then, with a tiny wooden scoop they mix quick-lime with the nut, and place the whole wad under the lower lip. They all smoke—both sexes, old and young. Their ears are hung with all sorts of ornaments, and by inserting larger and larger articles into the lobes of their ears, you would hardly believe how enormously large they can finally stretch them.

Matches in Java come in round tin boxes as large as a silver dollar, and it is a common sight to see a native with a pipe stuck through one ear and a box of matches through the other. As for the rest they are a lazy, dirty race of people, alive with vermin. After seeing them load sugar I suddenly lost my appetite for it. Of course it is in its crude state and in color a light

brown. It is packed in huge crates, six feet high, something like the crates tea is packed in, only much larger. Sometimes in hoisting one on board it would burst, and its contents scatter themselves over the deck. Now what is to be done? Is all that sugar wasted? Not much. Wait and you will see. There are several empty crates lying round ready for just such accidents as this. A native seizes one and commences scooping up the loose sugar in his hat, which he has snatched off his head for this purpose. A companion jumps into the crate, and with his naked feet firmly stamps the sugar down as it is dumped in until the crate is full. It is then fastened and lowered into the hold.

The water here is so poor and tastes so bad that father forbade us drinking any unless first mixing it with either claret or tamarind water. I liked it at first, but soon grew heartily sick of it and longed for a cool, sparkling drink of plain water, which was not to be obtained.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DREADED CHOLERA.

Cholera was raging here to some extent, but still not alarmingly. One of our men was taken dangerously ill one night with the fearful scourge. He had been working in the hot sun nearly all day, and had drunk quantities of water, two things which father had strictly forbidden. This was the result of the man's defiance of the orders. He came very near dying, but by dint of the hardest exertions on father's part, who stood over him the entire night, by morning he was out of danger though still very weak.

We did not go on shore much while here and made no friends whatever. Father hired a sampan here, as in Surabaya. One day we went on shore and took a ride. It was Sunday. I shall always remember that ride. Carriages, and also horses, are extremely scarce there and very unlike anything we have in America. There were two or three teams to be let, however, and out of them father selected the best-looking one, if there

could be any choice. It was a ponderous, four-wheeled coach with two seats facing each other, something similar to the old-fashioned stage coaches used away back in the forties. One native, clad only in a bright red calico shirt reaching to his knees, and a native hat upon his head, sat upon the box in front and drove, while another, similarly clad, rode behind, *a la* footman. I failed to see the use of this second one, unless it were for an ornament, but my mind was soon enlightened. Our steeds were a very small pair of roan ponies, and instead of reins a rope was fastened to one side of each pony's head. The roads are smooth and sandy.

We started with the ponies on a dead run, making the old coach swing like a ship at sea. After running a short distance, they stopped so suddenly as to almost throw us from the seats. Here is where the services of the out-rider come in play. Jumping off, he runs forward and vigorously applies a stout stick to the flanks of our motionless steeds, at the same time shouting a few words in Malay. Presently they start with a back-breaking jerk on the full gallop, but the out-rider still runs beside them with ease, applying his whip incessantly, for some distance, when he again hops on behind to rest. This is repeated many times during our drive, and is very laughable.

The surrounding country is beautiful. The road is shaded on either side by the graceful, spreading tama-

rind tree, loaded with its pods of delicate brown fruit. Occasionally we pass an opening of well-cleared land. On one side stretched acres of sugar-cane; on the other a coffee plantation. Farther on we pass an imposing white structure, residence of the wealthy Dutch planter to whom those vast acres belong. There are many such plantations all through Java—owned mostly by the Dutch, but operated by the unfortunate natives to whom this land rightfully belongs. The Dutch are often very cruel to the blacks; and shortly after we left there was a general uprising among them which resulted in the massacre of several of their pompous masters. But it was suppressed before the natives had fully accomplished their object, namely, to completely annihilate the whites.

However, we enjoyed our peculiar ride immensely, but when father inquired how much was the bill, our driver held up ten fingers

Ten rupees for a ten hours' ride? Preposterous! Father gave him five, and we turned away with his lamentations still ringing in our ears.

It was very dull, and the intense heat made any kind of work unbearable. We spent our time in reading and sitting on deck under the awning, watching the men load.

Sydney did not seem to mind the heat much, and every night and morning mother would fill the big bath tub nearly full of cool, salt water and put him into it. The

way he would make the water fly with his tiny fat hands and feet, laughing and crowing delightedly all the while, would do your heart good to see.

We used to catch a lot of fish here. Father kept the lines trolling from the stern, and rarely a day passed without our hooking a fish. I do not know the name of them, but they were very nice, with flesh white and sweet. They were about the size of a large cod. One day about noon I stood near the railing with my eyes fixed abstractedly on the line, but with my thoughts far away across the fathomless ocean with my sister. The line was quivering, now pulled this way, now that. Father had just returned, and stepping to the companion-way, I called :

"There is something on the line, father."

He came on deck at once, and when he pulled in the line there was the queerest looking fish on it I ever saw. We did not know what it was then, nor did any of the crew. It was about six feet in length and looked somewhat like an eel, only its color was much darker on the back, and spotted, while its belly was white. Father told the cook to prepare it for supper, but to take the precaution of cooking a piece of silver with it. If poisonous the silver would turn black. Well, the silver came out as bright and clear as could be, so we ate the fish and found it delicious. Since then I have learned that it was a garfish and extremely rare.

One day we took the boat and visited a small island in the vicinity, carrying our dinner, intending to spend a nice, quiet day under the trees. But the mosquitos and black flies had got there first and meant to stay, so we were obliged to beat an ignominious retreat, reaching the boat flushed and breathless. Why, the mosquitoes were something terrible.

On the way back, father trolled for fish and brought up a small devil fish about the size of a dinner plate. Mother and I screamed and even father shrank from taking it off the hook. They are quite the most hideous, as well as the most repulsive, fish that inhabit the sea, and are rightly named. They sometimes grow to a great size and are then a constant menace to divers.

The waters here are alive with the beautiful jelly fish the majority of them being of a pale greenish tinge, but some are of the most brilliant hues. Sometimes when at sea we would catch sight of the wonderful Portuguese men-of-war, as the sailors call them, a species of jelly fish, but they are never met with in port nor even at sea when it is calm. When the ship is sailing along with a good breeze, they are sometimes seen sailing along with their tiny sail, which is a sort of membrane, spread to the breeze, but at the approach of a storm they furl the sail and sink quietly down to the bottom, there to remain until the storm is over. These wonderful little marine creatures are of the most brilliant hues. They are very

rare, and the sailors believe that their appearance brings good luck. I never saw but three in all my sea-going experience. One was pink and green, one red and white and the other blue and red, and all wondrously beautiful.

I was very glad to get away from Tagal. It was so hot that I felt tired all the time, and was glad to breathe the free, pure air of the ocean once more. We were obliged to put into Batavia for a day or two, as father had business there. The dreaded cholera was raging fearfully in the town, so we did not go on shore as I would have liked. Batavia is a large city and said to be a very pretty one as well. It certainly presented a very attractive appearance, as seen from the harbor, with its clusters of white houses embowered in waving green trees.

We came very near losing our vessel in Sunda Straits on our return trip. We had been sailing along with a fresh, fair wind all day, but near sunset the wind died away very suddenly, as it often does in the Tropics, leaving us about two miles from a rocky, precipitous island, towards which a heavy swell was setting, with us perfectly helpless and at its mercy. To anchor was an utter impossibility, as the water was many fathoms deep close in shore.

It was an awful moment. We watched with a grim fascination the smooth, green, oily rollers chasing each other toward the shore, where they would break in thun-

der on the rocks, sending the spray forty feet into the air. Slowly but surely we were drifting to our doom, while the men, with white, set faces, waited in almost breathless silence. It seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save us. Here we were in the straits with not a ship in sight, not a breath of wind stirring the water, too deep to anchor, with a strong tide setting us toward those fearful rocks, among which no boat could live an instant; and if we did go ashore, no brave life-saving crew were there to risk their lives to save ours. If human beings there were among these lonely islands, they were but savages. Far better to meet death in the quiet waters than to fall into their hands.

Nearer we drifted—nearer—nearer—and now we can see every rock and tree stand out on shore with startling distinctness.

Think you there is no God? Some people claim there is not. But wait—a puff of wind steals across the water and fills the drooping sails. At last the breeze has been sent to save us by an ever watchful Providence, who even “holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.” The breeze freshens and strengthens and, gathering headway, the gallant vessel forges ahead and the treacherous rocks are left behind, while we continue on our way with thankful hearts. A rod further and we would have been caught in the terrible undertow, from which nothing could have saved us.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CYCLONE—CARLO RUNS MAD.

About a week later, we were all sitting on deck one sultry evening enjoying what air we could get. Long before the sun had sunk to rest beneath the glassy ocean. Above, the soft, purple sky was spangled with stars, which glittered and shone with a brilliancy found only in the Tropics, their light reflected in the mirror-like surface. Not a ripple of wind stirred the sails, which flapped idly against the masts, as the vessel rolled in the heaving swell with a long, lazy motion. My parents carried on a low conversation, until at last mother's fresh young voice rose on the silent air in that beautiful song, "We are drifting on Life's Ocean."

"Drifting, drifting with the tide,
Not one ray of light to guide us
On we're drifting, ocean-bound."

I lay back in my chair listening with keen enjoyment, as I am passionately fond of music, and mother possessed a clear, sweet voice. Scarcely had the last note

died away when there came a long, mourning sigh over the silent ocean, followed by a short, sharp puff of wind, then silence, awful, death-like, while the stars disappeared as though a black curtain had been suddenly drawn over them.

Another, and a louder puff—

“All hands to take in sail!” father shouts, springing to the wheel, while the man flies to help the rest.

“Furl the royals, clew up the top-gallant sails, down with the main-sail! Lively, now, my lads, lively!” And the sailors run up the rigging with monkey-like rapidity, and lie out on the yards, even the cook rushing out of the galley with his apron still on, and working with the rest.

In a minute all is confusion. Mother and I hastily retreat to the companion-way. The puffs of wind grow stronger and more frequent. Far off to the left, the water is churned into an immense wall of heaving billows and flying foam, its approach heralded by a dull roar, growing louder and louder.

And now the gale is on us. With a shriek like ten thousand demons it strikes the *Illie fair* amidships, and a roaring, boiling caldron of foam surrounds us. Over the vessel goes, over—over—until for a minute she lies fairly on her beam-ends; then, righting a little, speeds swiftly away like a frightened bird, while the huge seas sweep over her in rapid succession and the rain falls in

torrents. The decks are still at a frightful angle, but the sails are all in and she is scudding under bare poles. The fury of the tempest is soon spent, leaving us, however, with a good stiff breeze, while the air, lately so oppressive, is delightfully cool and fresh.

Shortly after our departure from Tagal, two of our men who had joined the Illie in Surabaya, became very ill with what is called Java fever. It is a dangerous, often fatal disease, but not contagious in the least degree. It transpired that both of these men came directly from the jail, where they had been serving long months for mutiny, to our vessel. Probably the hot climate and confinement brought on the fever. They were both Germans, and it was evident from the first that the elder, who was about forty, could not live. He would tell father neither his surname, nor where he belonged and did not seem to care whether he lived or died. Father, however, attended him faithfully, but he grew worse each day.

One morning, as we were eating breakfast, we heard a sound forward that almost froze the blood in our veins. It was the peculiar cry of a dog suffering with the rabies, which, once heard, is never forgotten. A mad dog at large on the narrow limits of a vessel's deck is an object of great terror.

We ran to look out of the cabin window. Carlo was standing on the main hatch with foam-covered jaws

and blood-shot eyes, giving vent to blood-curdling shrieks and howls. The sailors had all taken refuge on the top of the forecastle, and one held a loaded revolver aimed at the dog. Even the man at the wheel had deserted his post and sprung into the rigging, making the vessel yaw widely.

Father seized his Winchester and hurried on deck just as the sailor on the forecastle fired. Carlo was hit, and we saw the crimson fluid staining his white, shaggy breast, but he was not mortally hurt. Then father levelled his rifle and fired. Poor Carlo sprang high in the air and fell lifeless on the deck, shot through the heart. Two men came down and, raising him, tossed him overboard. I felt very badly, for he was a noble fellow, and no better watch-dog ever stepped than he.

The day before our arrival in Sydney, father's patient died. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon and we were trying to make the harbor by beating, with a strong head wind and a cross-sea against us, and every indication that we should not see port that night. Father hated to bury the man at sea, since our destination was so near. But, as the weather was very hot, to keep the body any length of time would be dangerous to all on board. Accordingly it was sewn up in a long canvas bag with weights placed at the feet. It was then brought on deck, placed on a rude bier and covered with the Amer-

ican flag. Father thought the wind, which was shifting, might possibly veer round favorably, in which case we should reach port sometime that night. He would keep the remains as long as possible. Sure enough, by four o'clock the wind suddenly changed in our favor and we were soon speeding away with every stitch of canvas spread to the breeze, and rapidly approaching the harbor.

With all haste a plain pine coffin was constructed and neatly lined with sheeting. Mother had several yards of fine white linen, out of which she fashioned a burial robe for the unfortunate sailor.

Just before dark we signaled for a pilot, who came quickly alongside. Father informed him that we had a dead man on board and another quite ill. The pilot replied that in that case we could not be allowed to proceed, but he could carry us as far as the quarantine grounds. In vain did father assure him that the disease was not contagious. Orders were very strict, and he must obey them. As for its being contagious,—with a shrug of his shoulders—the health officers must determine that; as for him, he could only do his duty. As we had been out sixty days already, this was very unpleasant news indeed.

Long before we came to anchor I retired, and when I awoke the next morning, the sun was shining brightly into my little stateroom, and all was silent. Hastily dressing, I ran on deck. We were anchored a short dis-

tance from the two tall cliffs which mark the entrance to the harbor, in a deep cove. Close by lay the grim, black hospital ship. There were no others. Shortly after breakfast the doctor of this ship came on board. He went forward and, taking off the coffin lid, made a thorough examination of the corpse. He pronounced everything all right, and gave permission to have it buried at once. He then prescribed for our other patient, and returned. Father then read a short service over the remains, when they were lowered carefully into the boat. Two of the men took their places at the oars, while father steered. Slowly they proceeded to the shore, where the dead man was to be buried in the quarantine burial ground, situated on the side of one of the tall cliffs.

We had a signal flying for a tug and hardly was the boat out of sight when one came alongside. The anchor was hove up to the cat-head, and everything made ready to proceed as soon as father returned. Suddenly we espy a small tug coming rapidly from the harbor. She has her colors flying and we can see she belongs to the government. She runs alongside of the hospital ship and then makes for us. Two important-looking officers clamber up the side-ladder, order away our tug, hoist the yellow flag to our mizzen and inform the astonished mate that we are under quarantine, but for twenty-four hours only, at the end of which we will be allowed to proceed. This is to give a chance to fumigate the ves-

sel thoroughly, which they then proceed to do with a great show of display, after which they take their departure.

Father soon returned, much surprised and very indignant. It would cost him a pretty penny to have the tug come after him twice. The next day dawned fair and bright. Our patient was now able to sit on deck, though still pale and weak. About four o'clock our tug returned and we were soon steaming swiftly up the bay at last, very glad to get away from the dismal quarantine ground. We were towed directly to the wharf of the sugar refinery. A narrow path on one side of the wharf led to a steep bluff, which rose hundreds of feet in the air. At its foot was a large quarry. Several times I went on shore and walked up the steep cliff. Sometimes I would lie down and creep on my hands and knees until I could see over the edge of the fearful precipice. The men far below looked like flies crawling along. I never cared to look longer than a minute, and even then it made me dizzy. But the grass was so beautifully soft and green, spangled here and there with lovely wild flowers, that mother used often to allow me to take Sydney there to play.

It was, indeed, a beautiful spot and afforded an excellent view of the city as well as of the harbor. We also made several trips to Ashfield to call on our old friend, Mrs. Roberts, It was now within a few days

of Christmas, and the weather was warm and delightful. In Australia the hottest months in the year are January, February and March; the coolest, July, August and September. I say coolest, for it is rarely cold. Ice sometimes forms thinly, but it was never known to snow in Sydney, although once, many years ago, a slight snow storm passed over Melbourne. We have been there at both seasons, and sometimes in January the burning winds sweeping in from the interior, would be scorching, suffocating, and something to be dreaded.

I did not expect many Christmas gifts, but father presented me with a beautiful locket and chain and from mother I received a fine scrap-book and a gold pin. Father's gift to mother was an elegant gold watch and chain. Little Sydney, too, had a large variety of pretty toys. I volunteered to care for Sydney while my parents visited some of the many beautiful spots in and around Sydney.

The day following Christmas is called "Boxing Day," and is a great holiday. There was to be a grand excursion to Victoria Island, a large island ten miles or so down the bay, a noted resort having a large pavilion and dining hall and extensive grounds, fitted with delightful swings, a merry-go-round and cricket field. My parents did not care to go, but Ella Kippax was going with her aunt and uncle and I received an invitation, which I was allowed to accept.

Two large steamers, the Queen Victoria and the Bonny Princess, were chartered for the occasion. Each had a fine brass band on board. Very handsome the steamers looked decked in their many flags and streamers, as we drove down to the wharf and took our places on the crowded deck of the Bonny Princess. The band struck up the national air, "God Save the Queen," the moorings were cast over, the wheels began to revolve, and we moved slowly from the wharf amid the cheers of those left behind.

It was a perfect day, with a soft, cool breeze tempering the heat. The blue waters of the bay danced and sparkled in the bright sunshine, and a broad wake of snowy foam fell away on either side as the steamer glided onward. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip, with the band discoursing lively music all the way. There was a great crowd on the island when every one had disembarked. We watched the lively cricket match between the celebrated teams, which was one of the features of the day, with great interest. We swung in the delightful swings, and sipped lemonade and ate sweetmeats, and had a good time generally. It was a well-ordered crowd, and I saw only one man who was under the influence of liquor.

One evening I went with some young friends to a magic-lantern display in a chapel, which exceeded anything of its kind I had ever seen. At its close the face

of their beloved Queen was thrown upon the canvas while the audience rose *en masse*, and all joined in singing their national song, "God Save the Queen," with an enthusiasm rarely seen in America. A play was then running at the principal theatre, "Aladdin, and his Wonderful Lamp." It was said to be something magnificent, and nightly the great house was packed to its doors. We were to sail in a day or two, and were very anxious to see it. Two nights running we went to the theatre only to be confronted by the sign, "Standing room only," and were obliged to turn away disappointed.

We were only going a short distance along the coast to Brisbane to take in ballast. A large coal steamer was to depart in a few days, bound for the same place. Father hired the captain to take us in tow, as the distance in that way could be made in twenty-four hours, which would ordinarily take us a week. We did not know just when he would start, but knew it would be in a few days. We made one more attempt to see the play.

When we returned we found the coal steamer already alongside with steam up, waiting impatiently for father. When I opened my eyes the next morning, we were well on our way, and Sydney lay, a faint blue line, miles astern. There was a stiff breeze blowing which kicked up a nasty sea, and our vessel, being light, rolled fearfully. On leaving the shelter of the bay the steamer

had taken our tow-line and gone ahead, with a distance between us of nearly a quarter of a mile. The stout hawser strained fearfully, but it held, and we reached Brisbane in safety.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR ARRIVAL IN NEWCASTLE.

We would be detained in Brisbane only a short time taking in ballast, when we were to proceed to Newcastle, N. S. W., to load with coal for Manilla, Philippine Islands.

Father had business in Sydney, which he must needs attend to in person. To my great delight we were to accompany him. We took passage on the *Windemere*, a small passenger steamer. She was crowded and had, moreover, very inferior accommodations, there being only two small cabins, one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen. Actually, there were more passengers than there was room to put them. Not only did we have to share our berths with others, but mattresses were placed on the floor, and covered every available spot. It was impossible to step unless one stepped over some one. I occupied a berth with a young English girl.

The cabin was badly ventilated and was stiflingly hot, and as soon as we got outside the steamer began to roll

and pitch and its occupants all became seasick. My berth mate was alarmingly ill. Twice she fainted and was restored with difficulty. I summoned the stewardess, who worked over her nearly all night. I spent a most wretched night myself and did not close my eyes. I was never so heartily glad to see daylight in my life. Mother spent as miserable a night as I did, and long before the sun rose we dressed and went on deck, where we breathed in great draughts of the delicious briny air which sent the color into our cheeks and put new life into our weary frames.

As we sailed up the harbor we saw a sad-looking sight. An immense ocean steamship lay there submerged, with only the masts, smoke-stack and flagstaff showing above the water. Later on we learned the full particulars, which I will here relate.

She was the Australasia, plying between Sydney and Liverpool, carrying only passengers and mail; in fact, a veritable floating palace. She was fifty-five hundred tons register, was light and having some repairing done. Immense port-holes close to the water's edge had been open all day and the officer in charge neglected to have them closed when night fell; criminal carelessness on his part, as after events proved. Although this ship had air-tight compartments of steel, the doors of these were also open, else the awful accident would not have happened.

On this particular night the captain and nearly all of the crew were on shore, the rest sleeping quietly in their berths, excepting the solitary watchman on deck. Midnight approaches. A stiff breeze has sprung up and the lapping of the water against the ship's side is the only sound that breaks the silence. A stronger puff of wind, and the huge monster lists heavily to port. Over she goes until the cruel waters pour into the open port-holes in tons, and with a sudden awful plunge, and a wild despairing cry of the doomed watchman, who is sucked down in the swirling waters, she sinks swiftly to the bottom, carrying with her twenty-five of her crew, not one escaping. Surrounded by vessels and only a quarter of a mile from shore. Oh, it was so sad! Later she was raised at an enormous expense and thoroughly renovated.

As soon as we arrived in Sydney, we took the train for Ashfield. Mrs. Roberts informed us that the great play was still running, and mother expressed a wish to try once more to see it. When father returned on the six o'clock train with Mr. Roberts, he had tickets, not only for us, but for our friends. As soon as tea was over we started for Sydney. This time we were successful. We found that no praise could do this wonderful play justice, and were well paid for all of our expense and trouble. The stage setting was superb, the costumes were magnificent and the acting perfect. I never

have seen any thing before or since one half so beautiful, and we sat as if entranced from the opening to the closing scene.

At the close of the second day we returned to Brisbane and the following week set sail for Newcastle.

I dare say a great many of my readers have seen porpoises, but perhaps not many of you have ever eaten a piece of one.

One afternoon, a few days after our departure from Brisbane, we observed a large school of porpoises at play a short distance from us, but gradually drawing nearer, until they were directly under the bows, and a handsome sight they were. We were sailing along making eight knots an hour and sending a broad wave of glistening snowy foam rolling from under the sharp prow. Father gave the order to cast the harpoon and try to capture one, as they are fine eating. One of our crew, a negro, had made several voyages in a whaler, and father appointed him to make the cast. Standing in the bow with the glittering harpoon poised high in air, he waits. He makes an effective picture standing there as motionless as though carved in bronze, the blue sea for a background, the group of eager sailors close by and over all the bright yellow sunshine. Suddenly like a flash of lightning the harpoon disappears over the bow and is buried deep in the vitals of the finest porpoise in the lot.

Now began the death struggle of the huge fish. Now he would leap clear of the water, then in his efforts to escape would churn the water with his tail into crimson foam. Its struggles grew weaker and weaker, and finally ceased. A running noose was then made in a stout line and one of the men lowered himself into the fore chains and slipped it over its tail. It was then hauled on board, its blubber stripped off and enough steak taken off for supper. After being cleaned, it was hung in the fore shrouds, and no one on looking at it would believe it to be a fish hanging there, but rather a piece of meat, with fat and lean alternating. It looks like it, nor does the comparison end here. Except for a slight oily flavor, porpoise steak tastes very much like beef steak. As for myself, I would as soon have it any day.

The next day we sighted land early in the morning, and by four o'clock in the afternoon our pilot came on board. Some of the fish was still hanging in the shrouds. He inquired what kind of meat that might be. "It is not meat at all," answered my father, "but porpoise." The pilot could hardly credit it.

There is a bar at the entrance to Newcastle harbor, and it is a very dangerous place even on a calm day, the huge rollers always combing over it. The shore is bold and rocky, in places precipitous, and is a dangerous bit of coast line all round.

We cast anchor in the stream, as there were two vessels ahead of us at the wharf which we were to occupy. There were a number of American vessels here and some of the captains had their families on board. We were soon acquainted and had an extremely pleasant time while here.

Captain Carney, of the American barque C. P. Dixon, was accompanied by his wife and daughter Lottie, a girl of my age. Their home was in Thomaston, Maine, and many were the pleasant hours Lottie and I spent together. I spent one night on board the C. P. Dixon. During the night a violent thunder shower came up, and the wind blew a perfect hurricane. The harbor is much exposed, and there are many safer places than Newcastle in a heavy storm. Many vessels dragged their anchors, and one large brig in ballast broke from her moorings and drifted, broadside on, into the wharf right ahead of us. She was secured without much damage. I worried about the Illie all night, I was so afraid she might drift ashore. The night was intensely dark except when lit up for a second by a brilliant flash of lightning. Morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the Illie was still lying quietly at anchor.

We became acquainted with some very pleasant shore people. Among them was a professor named Hunt. His marriage had been a very romantic one. The son of an earl, reared in luxury, at the age of twenty-two

he fell in love with a poor young music teacher. Although not of the nobility, she was of good birth and her only fault was poverty. But the proud old earl would not for a moment sanction such a marriage and threatened to disinherit his son if he dared to oppose his wishes. He did dare, however, and the young people were married in England and came directly to Newcastle, where Mr. Hunt lived very comfortably on a handsome salary as professor of a large college. They had a large family of children, Maggie and Fannie being the eldest, sixteen and eighteen years of age respectively, and bright, pretty girls, thorough ladies.

I remember we gave a small tea party one afternoon, to which a few of our most intimate friends were bidden. They came early in the afternoon. Although a stiff breeze was blowing the sun shone bright and warm. The barometer was steadily falling, however. The season of hurricanes was drawing near, and the weather was very uncertain. The wind increased in violence until by sunset it was blowing almost a gale, with a nasty sea making up. As soon as tea was over our guests began hurriedly to don hats and wraps, intending to reach shore while they could. One of our guests, Captain Baker, offered to carry four of the party on shore, while our boat carried five more. None were left except the two Hunt girls, who lived on the opposite side of the harbor.

When our boat finally returned the rain was falling in torrents, and the wind had increased to such violence that it would have been extremely dangerous to have ventured out again that night. There was no help for it, the Hunt girls must remain on board.

It was very rough, the vessel rolling and pitching as badly, or nearly so, as on the open sea. Both of the girls, however, proved to be capital sailors. By noon the next day the gale had reached its height. Both anchors were down at the bow, but it was found necessary to let go the big sheet anchor at the stern.

It was a dismal day. The rain beat against the cabin windows and the air was keen and chill, even in that hot climate.

The gale lasted two days. The morning of the third day dawned bright and beautiful, with never a vestige of the late storm remaining. We bade adieu to our young guests, who were glad enough without doubt to get on shore again. A ship in a gale of wind is far from being a cheerful place of abode.

We went on shore whenever we liked, which was quite often. In nearly all places, neither the boat nor the men to row, could be spared very often, that is, when we lay in the stream; but here we did not need them. An old, retired sea captain ran a small launch expressly for the accommodation of the captains and their families on board of vessels that were anchored in the stream.

Whenever any one wished to go on shore, he had only to display a certain signal, which would be speedily answered. It was very convenient, and the charges were small. We made use of her twice, and on both occasions she was crowded.

There was one beautiful spot in Newcastle, which we visited many times, the "Ocean View Park." Here was soft, green grass, smooth as velvet, beds of choice brilliant flowers filling all the air with their heavy perfume. In their midst, tinkling fountains sent their rainbow-tinted spray gracefully into the air, whence it fell back into the marble basin with a soft musical sound, delicious to hear when tired and heated with our long walk from the wharf.

We sink gratefully on one of the many rustic seats placed under the cool, green shadows of the trees. By and by, when we are rested, we will walk over to the cliffs which bound one side of this park. Bold and rocky they rise a hundred feet or more into the air. Immense green breakers came rolling in and dashed themselves with a noise of thunder at their base, sending the spray in a misty cloud high up their rugged face, only to fall back vanquished. It was a grand sight, indeed, and after a storm simply magnificent. From these cliffs an unexcelled view of the ocean was obtained. As often as I visited this spot, I always turned away with regret.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOADING COAL—SHIPWRECKED.

Finally came our turn at the wharf under the immense coal-shute.

When we were here before, we stopped at the Hotel Criterion during the disagreeable interval of loading with coal. It is the general custom so to do. Mother thought at first that she would remain on board, but the experience of the first day decided her otherwise. The coal-shute pours a continuous stream of coal into the hold from quite a height with one continuous roar, which makes the stout vessel shake in every timber, while the fine coal dust penetrates to every crack and crevice. Of course under such conditions no windows could be open and the heat was intense.

In this difficulty, Captain Baker of the American barque, Tilly Baker, came to our relief. If mother preferred the seclusion of a ship's cabin to a hotel, why he would be delighted if we came on board of his vessel during the day while we were loading coal. As for

himself, he was obliged to be absent during the day so we should have the cabin all to ourselves. This kind invitation mother accepted with pleasure. We would go on board the Tilly Baker early in the morning and return just before dark. Father stopped on board the Illie.

It took a week to load, and a few days more to clean up and take in our provisions and water. We then hauled out into the stream. We were deeply laden, having in eleven hundred and sixty tons of coal.

The day of our departure dawned clear and cloudless and scarcely a ripple stirred the placid waters of the harbor. Another ship, the big four-master Simla, sailed at the same time we did, bound for Liverpool, England. Our friends, Fannie and Maggie Hunt, came on board to bid us good-bye, returning in the pilot boat. It was rough crossing the bar, but outside it was fine. The crew of the Simla gave us three parting cheers which were answered by our men with a will.

How little did any of us think then that neither of those gallant vessels would ever enter port again. The Simla went down in the English Channel, carrying twenty-two men with her.

Ah, well! A wise Providence mercifully draws a veil over the future, else should we be miserable indeed.

We were all in the best of spirits, laughing and talking gaily. The sun shone brightly, and the sea was rip-

pled by a light breeze just sufficient to fill the snowy sails.

When the pilot boat bore away our friends, handkerchiefs were waved as long as we could see them.

It was a most beautiful night; the moon, queen of the night, riding like a huge silver ball through the soft purple sky, and leaving a brilliant pathway of light quivering across the silent ocean. Far into the night we sat on deck, loath to return to the hot cabin, drinking in the beauty of this most perfect night, and enjoying the cool, sweet breeze that came softly across the mighty ocean. Now and then would mother break into a snatch of song. From forward, the soft subdued notes of an accordeon, played by a master hand, came floating sweetly to us.

The pleasant weather continued. We had now been out two weeks, when one morning the welcome cry of "Sail ho," rang gladly out. She was a mere speck on the horizon, dead ahead. Our vessel being much the faster sailer, by dark we had come up with her, actually side by side. Both vessels were hove to while the two captains exchanged a few words. She was an iron barque, the Ironsides. She was sailing very slowly, and the captain said she was foul. He had been in Southern waters many months and should be glad when he arrived at a port where there was a dry dock, so that he could have her cleaned. That is one great

trouble with iron vessels, they get fouled so quickly with thousands of great barnacles, which never stick to a copper bottomed vessel.

After learning all we wished to, and giving them the necessary information we forged ahead, and the next morning the old Ironsides was miles astern. By consulting his charts, which by the way were the latest, father decided not to attempt the passage through the group of islands, known as the Solomon Archipelago, but rather to take the longer but much safer way, through the northeast passage.

Every year the English government, to whom these islands belong, sends a surveying ship here to find out the exact location of all the dangerous reefs and hidden rocks. You perhaps will say, why is such an expensive proceeding necessary every year? Why wouldn't once suffice? Well, perhaps it would in some localities, but not here. By consulting your geography you will find that the Solomon Archipelago lies very near the Equator and eleven hundred miles from Australia, the nearest civilized land. The islands are of coral formation and are volcanic, earthquakes being a common occurrence. Reefs and even islands are continually sinking, to be thrown up in an entirely new place. This is the cause of such frequent surveys, and was the reason why father dreaded to make the passage through them although it would shorten our voyage many miles. With all their

dangers, they are peopled with a race of savages, the most degraded of God's creatures, many of them being cannibals. I believe it is the only spot on earth where this repulsive, awful habit is carried on.

We were now approaching these islands, and a watch was kept night and day. If the weather would only continue pleasant for a few days longer until the danger was passed! But God willed otherwise. March third we were caught in the dreaded hurricane, which rages so frequently at this season of the year, with the wind blowing "great guns" dead ahead, the waves running mountains high, and the vessel enveloped in a blinding cloud of mist and rain. Although we were in the Tropics, the air was really chilly. The sun was so obscured that father lost his reckoning and we were blown off our course, and on the morning of March fourth, with the gale still raging, land suddenly loomed up through the heavy mist close on our port side. As we were in the vicinity of the islands, this then must be one of them.

Upon consulting the chart, father found that the outer island was Guadalcanal. We were quite near shore, and but for our extreme danger I should have enjoyed the scene; as it was, with grave faces all about me I, too, became subdued. The island was mountainous, and covered with verdure to its top. By eight o'clock we were fairly in among the islands and no help for it.

I stayed on deck ^{or} for a short time and then went be-

low to stop with Sydney, who lay on the bed fast asleep, while mother, too uneasy to stay in the cabin, donned mackintosh and a close fitting cap and stationed herself by father's side on deck. A sharp lookout was kept from the foretop for possible reefs; although with the weather so thick, and the sea combing all around us, it would have been almost impossible to have discerned one.

It was Sunday when I returned to the cabin. I changed my thin dress for a woolen one, as I really felt chilly. I took off my heavy shoes with the intention of putting on my slippers, but without doing so. I picked up an interesting book and seated myself on the lounge in mother's room, where I could watch Sydney. I was soon buried in my book. Presently I heard a great commotion on deck. Orders rapidly shouted above the roar of the gale, men running quickly to and fro, and ropes and cordage rattling. Jumping up I looked out of the window. The sight made me shudder. Close to us, so near that we just cleared it, was a long, low, wicked-looking reef, with the huge green waves curling and foaming around it as we swept quickly past. With a thankful heart that we still had a good stout ship under us I sank down again and was soon deeply engrossed in my story. I had just reached the most interesting part, and was following the fortunes of the heroine with breathless interest, when crash—crash—bang—came a terrific shock and a sound of tearing, rending wood.

I was thrown violently from the lounge to the other side of the stateroom. Then for one brief, awful second, in which I could hear the loud ticking of the clock, the vessel stood still quivering with the shock, then settled swiftly down upon the hidden reef, where she soon began to bump with terrible force, making the swinging bed where Sydney lay pound sharply against the floor. With a wild, awful terror, which seemed to turn to ice my very heart's blood, I rushed to the bed, snatched up the crying baby and started for the deck. Mother came stumbling rather than running down the stairs with a face like death and wide, horror-filled eyes.

"Oh! my God, my God, Lucy," she gasped, "we are on a reef. Pray for us, for we are lost." I laid Sydney in her arms, and for one brief instant I dropped on my knees and raised my clasped hands to Heaven. "Oh God, we are very near death. Save us in thy infinite mercy, for Jesus' sake," I gasped through my white lips. Then rushing past her I made my way on deck.

The scene was a wild one and enough to make a stouter heart than mine sink in despair. But I came of a race of soldiers and sailors, and, young as I was, I bore up bravely.

We had gone nearly over the rock, and now stuck fast by the stern. It was a volcanic reef many feet below the surface and invisible. Every wave that swept under us sent us crashing down upon it. All around us

was a boiling caldron, which roared with a noise of thunder and sent the spray flying in sheets across the deck.

No boat could live an instant in that swirl of angry waters. Our only hope lay in setting every stitch of canvas and driving the vessel off the reef. If this failed we were lost, and we were only five miles from a land peopled with savages far more cruel than the hungry waves.

There was no panic although each man's face was set and pale, but with death staring them in the face they quietly obeyed each order as it was given, them without a murmur.

Going to the railing I stared as if fascinated at the fearful scene before me. No sound escaped me. I seemed like one paralyzed, and my breath came short and pantingly, when the thought rushed over me, "This day you may stand in the presence of your Maker." I felt no fear, for the thought of my darling mother waiting for me there sustained me in this hour of mortal peril.

As one of the sailors was passing, he must have noticed my deathly face, for he stopped to say hurriedly, "If worse comes to worst, I'll look out for ye, Miss. I'll risk but I could git ye ashore all safe and take care them black devils don't tech ye after we git there, too, so never you mind." "Oh, Bill," I cried, grasping his

rough hand, "is there no hope for the vessel? We shall be drowned, we shall be drowned." "There, there, Miss," came the comforting response, "don't ye take on so. I've been cast away many a time and here I be yit. As for the ship, she be a goner sure. The Holy Mother preserve us," crossing himself and hurrying on.

Strange as it may seem, these rough words imparted a ray of hope, and I turned to go down in the cabin. Just as I reached the door the Illie made one final plunge and stove the rudder-head right up through the deck, breaking the wheel into splinters and almost knocking the man who was steering overboard. At the same instant she slid off the reef into deep water.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN AN OPEN BOAT.

The vessel was headed straight for the beach on the lee side of an island and was of course unmanageable. Orders were given to work the pumps, while father went down into the cabin a minute to see how mother was standing it, and I followed him. Presently a sailor came down and stood there respectfully, hat in hand. "If you please, sir, six feet of water in the hold and gaining on us fast." Father's face grew a shade paler. "We shall have to take to the boats," he cried. Going on deck he gave the order to stop pumping and lower the boats. I found mother very pale but calm. She already had a few of the most necessary things picked up, and she now began to make preparations to leave the vessel. Going to the pantry I took ten jars of French prunes and half a dozen tins of sweet arrowroot biscuit and placed them among the bundles to be taken. I do not know why I should have thought of them, as I certainly did not think of myself, nor did mother,

for I never saved a rag of clothes except those I stood in. All of my beautiful clothes, my small assortment of pretty jewels, all were forgotten. Mother put her watch around her neck under her dress.

Presently we heard father's voice bidding us hurry. I went on deck without either hat or shoes on. The vessel was rolling very heavily, as a sinking vessel always does. "The dear old Illie must go," father exclaimed, as with genuine tears of grief he took Sydney from mother's arms and led the way to the boat. Two of the men were in her, keeping her from being smashed into kindling wood against the vessel's side. Now the boat would be high above us as the vessel rolled to port, now many feet below the rail.

Mother stood upon the rail supported by two stalwart sailors. As the boat rose swiftly to the edge she jumped and was caught by those in the boat and seated in the stern. Then Sydney was passed in and I found myself standing on the rail, trembling with fright. I landed safely, however. Of course father did not leave the vessel at all.

As soon as we were all in we were fastened to the vessel with a long rope, and I heard father tell the men that if the vessel was seen to be sinking, they must cut the rope and be careful not to be sucked down in the terrible rush of air. As for himself, as well as those left on board, they would save themselves if they could.

We fell rapidly astern. It was now half past ten in the forenoon. My thoughts flew to my sister, thousands of miles away. What would she think to see us now? Ever and anon a wave dashed over us almost swamping the boat and keeping one man busy bailing water, while the rain beat down incessantly.

Wet and hungry, we sat there until night. Finally one of the men took his oil-skin jacket off and laid it over my shoulders, while the other gave me his sou-wester, which I tied under my chin. I soon felt a degree more comfortable, though my teeth chattered, and I trembled from head to foot from sheer fright. Mother was well wrapped up, but Sydney, poor little fellow, cried incessantly with a steady moaning cry that made our very hearts ache, and would not be comforted. He was only a year old. The day wore on. Slowly, very slowly drifted the doomed vessel toward the beach. The pumps were now being worked steadily in order to keep her afloat until she struck. We should then be able to save much more, for fortunately the beach here was soft and sandy.

As we drifted under the lee of the island, which loomed green with verdure dead ahead, the water became much smoother. Outside it blew as fiercely as ever, and the rain still continued to fall, though not so heavily. Sydney had long since ceased his cries and now lay fast asleep, enveloped in a soft, warm shawl.

We were now close in shore, but saw no sign of human habitation.

Even while we gazed three large canoes shot from around the point and paddled rapidly towards us. Hastily father ran up the ensign, union down, thinking they might understand the signal, which is "distress." I cannot speak for the rest, but I felt as if already I could feel their knives buried in my heart. I hope I shall never again experience that awful, sickening sensation that passed over me. I felt as if our worst fears were confirmed.

Father now took his Winchester and lowered himself into our boat to protect us with his life if need be. All of our crew were well armed. Luckily father was acquainted with some of the habits of the South Sea islanders and acted accordingly.

On they came with fierce, blood-curdling yells, entirely naked except for the clout, their bare brown bodies glistening with oil. Some were black as ebony, others as light as mulattoes, but all very repulsive. In nearly every instance their heads of wool were either dyed or bleached out to a faded yellow. They were covered with all sorts of rude ornaments, and I noticed that one or two seemed to be afflicted with some kind of a skin disease, for their bodies were completely covered with scaly, dead skin or proud flesh. It made me actually sick to look at them. Their

eyes were their worst feature. Black, as a matter of course, they had the wild, fierce, lurid glare of the wild animal confident of his prey.

The middle canoe, propelled by ten paddlers, was beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl. In the centre under a rude canopy, sat the royal gentleman himself; the blackest, fiercest human being I ever beheld; a perfect type of a bloodthirsty cannibal chief.

Two of the canoes came swiftly alongside of the boat, while the other made for the vessel; and the savages were soon swarming over her decks. They were unarmed, and we had nothing to fear from them as long as it was daylight. They are very sly and treacherous and proceed with great caution always. They used every persuasion to induce us to accompany them on shore. If we, in our ignorance, had gone, they would have treated us kindly for several weeks, and then, when our fears were lulled to rest, at early dawn would the murderous villains come creeping stealthily along, like some deadly snake, and bury their gleaming knives in our hearts. Only Sydney would escape, for they never kill a white baby, but would bring him up as their own, treating him with the greatest kindness. The rest of us would be cooked and eaten in the most approved style.

These are hard, barren facts, and not by any means the fruits of a vivid imagination.

Where we were wrecked is the most dangerous spot

in the whole islands. In 1870, twenty vessels were wrecked among these islands, and their crews murdered and eaten. We found all this out later.

One of the savages could speak a little English and to him we related our misfortune. That he understood was very evident, for in his eyes gleamed a cruel satisfaction. Then he turned to the rest and interpreted what had just been told him. Their faces lit up with a savage smile, while they smacked their lips in pleasant anticipation.

The vessel now struck on the beach, thrusting her bowsprit among the bushes and trees that grew close to the water's edge. Unfortunately there was liquor on board, used strictly for medicinal purposes, consisting of a few bottles of the best brandy and wine, together with ten bottles of gin, that the former captain had left on board. This last was under seal.

As soon as we left the vessel, the cook slipped down, unobserved, into the cabin and secured the whole lot. Perhaps thinking this was his last chance on earth, or else to drown terror, he got gloriously drunk, to the everlasting horror of the remainder of our crew who must have been an exceptional lot. I will say that none of them touched a drop.

The boat was hauled alongside and we went on board, stiff and cramped with sitting so long. Only what was absolutely needed was taken in the boat.

Our savage visitors promptly followed us on deck and father loaded them with presents, thinking they would go, but he was mistaken. Finally taking his rifle he stepped up to the one who understood English and said sternly, "Do you see this?" Thinking he meant to make him a present of it, the savage answered eagerly, "Yes, yes, me see it, me see it." "Well," came the reply, "the rifle is'nt for you, but the bullets are if you don't make tracks for shore almighty quick." They all understood his threatening attitude, and speedily entered their canoes and paddled away in the gloom.

As soon as all had eaten supper, work was begun in earnest. The idea of going on shore was dismissed entirely. There was nothing for it but to take to the open boats until we either reached some civilized land, or were rescued from our perilous position. A canvas covering was fastened, tent fashion, over one half of the long boat to afford some slight protection to mother, Sydney and me.

We carried only a very few clothes, but took blankets and one or two comfortables as the nights were at times chilly, in spite of the great heat of the day. We took several tins of preserved meats, fruits, and the like, and quantities of ship's biscuit, not forgetting a few cans of condensed milk for Sydney. A cask of water was then lowered into the boat, and the sextant, compass, and the necessary charts were also taken.

The men worked quickly and with very little noise, as we might be surprised by the natives any moment. By eleven o'clock all was in readiness. I would not leave my beloved cats behind but took them both with me.

Father was in command of the long-boat with rather more than half of the men, while the first mate with the remainder of the crew, entered the jolly-boat. Father had great difficulty in getting the drunken cook to leave the vessel, and finally had to handcuff him and take him by main force. All the liquor having been taken from him and cast into the sea, he came round all right the next morning.

We staid by the vessel all night, and a watch being set, the men composed themselves to sleep. I never closed my eyes. The violent tossing of the boat, the grief at losing our vessel, combined with the terrible excitement of the day, kept me awake. Hour after hour rolled by; no sound was heard but the dashing of the surf upon the beach, and the steady tinkle of the rain-drops on the canvas covering over our heads. At intervals the words of the watchman rang out sharp and clear, "All is well."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUFFERING WITH THIRST.

Just as the dawn began to shimmer rosily in the East, word was given to cut the ropes which bound us to the Illie. Softly, noiselessly the oars were dipped in water, and the boats were quietly and swiftly propelled out of arrow reach of the shore.

It was a glorious morning after the storm. A gentle breeze just rippled the intense blue of the sea, and the sky was all flushed with rosy hues of the approaching sunrise. Just as we rounded the point the glorious King of Day burst forth in all his splendor.

But who is there who can spend a year or two on board a vessel and not learn to love it as though it were something human, just as the engineer loves his engine, or the soldier his rifle? I think there is no one. So, although there were the marvelous beauties of the Tropics spread all around us, we saw them not, for our hearts were filled with grief. Our noble vessel, after having borne us safely through many perils, now lay

bruised and broken upon the cruel rocks, her sails hanging idly against her masts. I looked until the island hid her from view, then turned away with brimming eyes and a full heart. Even father's eyes were wet as he murmured sadly, "Well, that's the last of the poor old Illie."

The sun rose higher and higher until the gorgeous islands around us in their vivid green verdure resembled huge emeralds in a setting of flashing, glittering blue, with the softer blue of the sky as a background.

Our boat carried a mainsail and two jibs and could make pretty good time. Some means must be devised to provide a sail for the jolly-boat that was now towed astern, and greatly retarded our progress.

By some strange chance, a large roll of drilling had been placed in our boat. Mother had purchased it for furniture covering, as it was an excellent, firm piece, and very cheap. We found by making it double it would make a very good sail. One of the men had brought his "work bag," in which were sail needles, a palm and a ball of twine. A "muttonleg" sail was soon manufactured and hoisted on an oar, with which she made very good progress.

We could now perceive hundreds of dusky figures running among the thick trees on shore. As soon as they perceived us they sent up loud yells of rage and disappointment, for although near enough to discern

every movement on shore, we were very careful to keep out of reach of their poisoned arrows, which with their long, glittering knives, comprise their only weapons of warfare.

Presently several of the men came down to the beach, bearing palm branches in their hands, which they waved toward us, to signify that they meant peace, and would do us no harm. We kept right on, however, and paid no attention to them. For twenty miles along the beach they followed us, uttering occasionally wild yells.

We were put on a short allowance of both food and water; in fact one swallow of water when our thirst became unbearable was all that we were allowed.

As the sun rose higher and higher, it shone down with a hot, blistering glare, as only a tropical sun can shine. No tongue nor pen could describe our sufferings. They were something terrible. I pray God that I may never suffer again what I went through those three awful days in the boat.

I could not eat, for my throat was parched and burning. Water was all I craved, and what few drops were given me, almost maddened me in my desire for more.

I could not stay one instant under the canvas, which seemed to draw the heat, but preferred the open air and possible sunstroke. I had no hat, but an extra one had been thrown into the boat, and this I donned.

I longed with a wild, intense longing to drink the

cool delicious-looking water which leaped and sparkled as we plunged along, occasionally throwing the glittering drops over the bows. Alas! it was salt, and to drink of it meant madness and death. However, every few minutes I would lean over and plunge my arms to the elbows in the refreshing water, and take my hat, after wetting it thoroughly, place it on my head and, closing my eyes, allow the cool water to trickle down my face and neck.

Father warned me but I heeded him not. I should have known better myself, for experience is a dear teacher, as I soon found out. By night my arms and face were red and swollen and covered with tiny blisters.

We sailed all day among islands of wondrous beauty, which was well-nigh lost upon us in our great suffering.

It was father's intention to put back to Australia, over one thousand miles distant; hence the need of short allowance.

We had been almost out of sight of the jolly-boat all day, but when night came we ran under the lee of a small island and cast anchor, the other boat soon coming up and being moored alongside.

There was a glorious moon, which fact was in our favor, as it brought out every tree and leaf on shore as plain as day, while we lay in the shadow. The cool night air brought us some relief, and soon all but the watch were wrapped in profound slumber.

The following day was but a repetition of the first, with one exception. About noon we were abreast a small island, and we could see the brown bunches of cocoanuts hanging on the tall trees very plainly. We longed for some of their cooling fluid, but dared not land to procure any.

Presently two small canoes shot out from the bushes and came swiftly towards us. Their occupants emitted none of those terrible, bloodthirsty yells as the others had done, neither did they look so savage, but seemed quite friendly.

Father thought he might exchange my two cats with them for some water and green cocoanuts. They seemed very shy, and we had hard work to get them to come near enough to speak with. They understood no English, but by signs and wild gesticulations we finally made them understand what we wanted, and they departed with alacrity. I felt very sorry to part with my pets, although to keep them in the boat would be impossible.

The natives soon returned, bearing quantities of green cocoanuts and big yellow oranges and mangoes, but it was found that the big, tin, sailor's coffee-pot, which was all that could be found to get water in, had in some way sprung a leak, so that by the time they reached us, there was very little water left. We gave them my cats, which they received eagerly and with great curiosity.

We found the nuts delicious and very refreshing. They were very green, the meat thin and soft, of the consistency of mush, requiring to be eaten with a spoon, while each nut contained nearly a quart of cool, sweet milk, that greatly alleviated our thirst, so that we did not suffer nearly so much as on the first day. A fresh breeze sprang up in the afternoon, and we dashed merrily along. Sydney seemed much brighter and scarcely cried at all.

The third day dawned clear and cloudless finding us still surrounded with islands and not a friendly sail in sight. The breeze was very light, barely enough to fill the sails. Slowly the day wore on, and the sun sank calmly to his rest. Just as he was sending his last ruddy gleams across the quivering water, came the welcome, *Of so* welcome, cry of "sail ho," ringing gladly, joyously from the lookout seated in the bow.

"Where away?" shouted father, who was steering, springing to his feet.

"Dead ahead, sir, around that point of land. She seems to be anchored. A small schooner, sir."

CHAPTER XXIV.

PICKED UP BY THE LOTUS.

In a minute we were standing breathless, with excited faces, gazing towards the spot indicated. Yes, sure enough, in the fading light, two tall, bare masts were sharply outlined against the crimson sky.

Soon a boat shot out from the point and came swiftly towards us. Then, for the first time since our disaster, mother—my dear, brave young mother—broke completely down and sobbed hysterically from sheer joy and thankfulness. For three days the strain on her nervous system had been intense, and the reaction proved too much.

There is no twilight in the Tropics, and it was now nearly dark. In the stern of the approaching boat sat a man, a *white* man, thank God, with a bronzed, genial face, but the rowers were natives, dressed, however, in regular sailor costume.

They were soon alongside and had heard our story, and the captain had introduced himself. He was a

Scotchman and master of the little trader, Lotus, engaged in the copra trade. Of course many of you know that the islands belong to England, and many traders go there at certain seasons of the year when there are no hurricanes, with cargoes of beads, calico, pipes, tobacco, and various other knick-knacks calculated to take the fancy of the savage population. These are exchanged for copra, and the traders make an immense profit. They generally get rich, although they take their lives in their hands.

Copra is made from the cocoanut and is used extensively in the manufacture of fine perfumes, soap and hair oil. Many countries use it, but France takes the lead. This Captain McDonald had been cruising among these islands for four years, but would shortly return to Scotland. He had bought his goods at the trading station and shipped his copra in other vessels, as the Lotus was not seaworthy, but would do very well to coast among the islands. He had never visited Guadelcanal, and he congratulated us on our escape. He said it was the most dangerous part of the whole archipelago and was given a wide berth by all vessels, excepting once a year when the surveying ship went there. He could not take us back to Australia, but he would take us to Ugi, where we could stay until we were able to secure a passage on some ship.

Ugi was a small island only ten miles long and five

miles wide, in the shape of a half-moon, on which was the principal trading station of the entire archipelago. This was owned by a Scotchman, Craig by name, who had made the island his home for eighteen years. He had had a companion for the past year, a young German, sent out by the museum of Sydney to collect rare birds, snakes and curios peculiar to these islands.

There were about one hundred natives residing at Ugi, and, although they could not be trusted, still it was the safest place for us to go. It seemed that Captain McDonald had just come from there.

We had by this time reached the *Lotus* and were helped on board, as we were very sore and stiff from sitting in the boat so long. The schooner was a small, weather-beaten craft of about fifty tons burden, but she was a refuge and looked beautiful to us.

I went directly to the water butt and drank and drank, until I could drink no more, of the blessed, life-giving water. How good it did taste to my parched throat!

We were to get under way early in the morning, so we soon spread our blankets down on the deck, as the cabin was very small and very hot and alive with cockroaches. I was very tired and slept soundly on my hard bed with no covering but the purple, star-gemmed sky over our heads.

Before sunrise the next morning we were awakened

by a most unearthly screaming and chattering. Running to the rail, I beheld a most beautiful sight. We lay close in shore and every tree and bush was perfectly white with cockatoos, whose snowy plumage made a striking contrast to the vivid green of the foliage. They were evidently having a matinee, which they kept up without cessation until the sun rose, when, in an instant, the woods were silent, and not even a gleam of white disturbed its green repose.

As soon as breakfast was over, which, by the way, was ample and very good, the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and we glided slowly past the point of land. As we got out from under the lee of the island the breeze was much stronger, and we were soon making very good progress. The Lotus was a wretched sailer and rolled heavily, though no water was shipped.

We dropped anchor in Ugi one night, just two weeks after we started from Cockatoo Island. I had lain down and was sleeping soundly when father aroused me to go on shore. I shall never forget the eerie feeling that came over me as I opened my eyes and gazed around. The hour was close on midnight and the sky heavily overcast, with not a star visible. The wind sobbed and wailed through the rigging like a lost soul in despair, while we could see the surf break on the beach with a long line of phosphorescent foam.

All was silent as the grave on shore, and not a light

was visible. A gun was fired once—twice—and then we could see a lantern bobbing along among the trees. It halted close to the water's edge and waited while Captain McDonald and father were rowed quickly to the shore. Presently we could hear the grating sound of the boat as it was pushed off and the splash of the oars as they struck the water, making two bright flashes of light due to the presence of phosphorus. In a very short time we had bidden farewell to our kind host, who was to leave that same night.

I trust my readers will pardon me if I digress, but I wish to say a word about Mr. Craig and his surroundings before I proceed. He was a man in the prime of life, with the form of an athlete; tall and well-knit, with an honest, kindly face lighted up by a pair of keen blue eyes—a man you could trust. He had married a native girl by whom he had three children.

His house, or shanty, was situated a short distance from the beach, and was a long, low structure built of tin roofing with square holes left for windows, minus the glass. It was thatched with cocoanut leaves laid on in several thicknesses, and was divided into four rooms, two on each side of a wide hall, running through the shanty with a door in each end. A veranda extended around the front, under which a hammock was strung.

Close by were the large store-houses where the dried

copra was stored. Back of the shanty was another, smaller one, which was placed at the disposal of our crew. The cook-house stood close down by the beach, and was built simply of bamboo poles and thatched.

I think you have some idea of what our home was for eight weary weeks, so I will not detain you longer. We followed our guide to the shanty, spread our blankets on the rude wooden bunks, and were soon wrapped in slumber.

CHAPTER XXV.

UGI.

When I awoke the sun was streaming into the room, and with the exception of Sydney, who still lay in a deep sleep, I was alone. Just then seven young warriors, each carrying a short glittering hatchet, filed past the window and disappeared into the woods beyond. Outside I could hear the soft, musical call of the metallic pigeon and love-birds and, now and then, the harsh screech of the parrot. I was frightened, and hardly dared to move, and wondered where on earth mother could be. Just as I was actually ready to cry from sheer loneliness and fright, mother came in, looking cool and refreshed. "Such a delightful bath as I have had!" she said gaily. "You should have joined me, you lazy girl. Your father is still on the beach."

Presently breakfast was announced, and we took our places around the rude board table, bare of tablecloth or napkins. The table was set in the wide, cool hall, and both doors were opened wide. We were introduced

to the young German, a pale, quiet chap, who spoke English with a strong accent. Mrs. Craig did not appear, neither did the children, but as soon as we had finished they sat down. She was very good-looking indeed, but very dark; wearing the civilized dress, but with her hands, arms and ears loaded with cheap jewelry. The children were no darker than brunettes and were quite pretty. The eldest was six years of age, the youngest, nine months. Mrs. Craig also had a sister living with her, a bright, jolly girl, if she was a savage. We called her Polly.

After breakfast I went out to view my surroundings. The island was a perfect gem. Its foliage was varied and beautiful, and in the early morning the trees were radiant with brilliant-hued birds, such as gorgeous parrots, love-birds with their soft, delicate plumage, tiny honey-eaters clad in scarlet and black, the sable wag-tail with its snowy breast, and the lovely metallic pigeon with its wings, back, and head a beautiful changeable green and its breast a soft, delicate gray.

As the sun rose and shone fiercely down, the woods would gradually become silent. Snakes are very rare among these islands, the harmless whip-snake being the largest. Lizards are everywhere. There are two species, of which one is poisonous, the other, harmless. The former is a many-jointed worm as large around as a man's finger, about six inches long and of the palest green

color. Its eyes are jetty black and look like two twinkling beads. When touched it ejects a very poisonous fluid, which, if it strikes the eyes, causes total blindness. I have often seen them crawling over the walls, and when I did, would run for Mrs. Craig or Polly to capture them. Throwing a thick cloth over her hand and arm, she would pick up the obnoxious reptile and crush it with a large stone.

The other was like any lizard in shape, but in color was a bright green with crimson and yellow markings. It could be seen at any time crawling on the walls, and often dropped down on the beds. Although at first I was very much frightened at them, I soon ceased to mind them.

Mr. Craig had quite a garden back of his house, but the contents were quite different from those we have in Maine. In this garden grew pineapples, yams, taro, and several vegetables which were very good, but which I did not know the names of. Overshadowing the back door was a large lemon tree, covered with fruit, at this season of the year green; still it made excellent lemonade.

All around us stood the tall, straight cocoanut trees, like sentinels, interspersed with the feathery bamboo, the beautiful spreading mango, the graceful drooping banana palm, the vegetable ivory, and the bread fruit and lemon, with its sweet-scented leaves. Another magnificent tree had the most feathery, delicate foliage I had

ever beheld. On it grew small, scarlet berries, looking very much like the cranberry, but being sweet. The tree was very tall and its trunk bare of branches to the height of ten feet. It overhung a small clear brook, into which its fruit would drop. Every morning I would go down and gather what I could find. I was very fond of them. I asked Mr. Craig if they were poisonous. "The pigeons eat them," he replied, "and never be afraid to eat what a pigeon will, for it will not hurt you."

The only animals on the islands are the wild hogs, some of them very fierce and savage. Mr. Craig had a large drove of them which he had partly tamed. They were fed cocoanuts, by one of his native servants, every night and morning.

Down close to the beach, under a wide-spreading mango, was an immense pile of ripe cocoanuts. A large iron disk was sunk into the soft sand. When feeding time came, instead of taking a pail of evil smelling swill and going to a dirty sty, this native would station himself in front of this disk and smash the nuts, from which the husks had been removed, down upon it with such force as to burst them open, revealing the rich, white meat. Instantly the drove of hogs would make their appearance, running from the woods, perhaps fifty of them, squealing and fighting. With marvellous dexterity would they clean the meat from the shells, grunting with satisfaction while the nuts still came smashing

down. A dense circle of long, bristling bodies and nervous, wiggling tails would quickly form around the native, while the air would be filled with grunts and squeals and the smacking of their jaws. Sitting on the veranda, we thoroughly enjoyed the novel scene.

They are not the fat, short-legged pigs seen in Maine, but lean and wiry. Fed on cocoanuts, and what roots and herbs they find themselves, no pork ever tasted so sweet and delicious, or had such an exquisite nutty flavor. Mr. Craig killed and roasted a young pig while we were there, and it was fine, but rather heavy eating for such hot weather. Our cook did the cooking for all hands.

We soon fell short of provisions. Mr. Craig would have had enough to last him until the yearly arrival of the traders, but with fifteen people coming suddenly in upon him they were soon gone. The flour lasted three weeks ; after that we never saw any bread for the remainder of our stay there. The tea and coffee were soon gone, but the corn meal held out pretty well.

We were allowed two meals a day only; breakfast at ten o'clock, dinner at four. The bill of fare consisted of meal mush, eaten with brown sugar, of which there was a liberal supply, stewed pigeons, fresh fish, yams and vegetables. Sometimes we had in place of the mush a little boiled rice. There was no bread, no crackers, and the same fare every day. Fruit we had in plenty.

We did not suffer from hunger or thirst, for on the island were four clear streams of fresh water. How they came there was a mystery, as all around us was the salt water, but there they were, and the water was cool and delicious.

Directly opposite loomed the blue outlines of San Christovel, a very mountainous island, populated by a very savage tribe, who often visited Ugi.

I will tell you how the fish, with which the waters teemed, were caught. They were never known to bite a hook but are killed with dynamite, and the natives dive for them as they lay stunned on the bottom. It is an easy matter to see the fish, as the water is wonderfully transparent. The bottom can be distinctly seen many fathoms, as though one were looking in a mirror. It is simply wonderful. Polly took me for a row in the bay one afternoon, just to show it to me. I seemed suddenly transferred to fairyland, as I leaned over the boat and gazed at the grand panorama spread out beneath me; beautiful colored corals in all their delicate tracery, rare sea mosses and rocks, in and out of which brilliant and strange colored fish flashed and shone. By sitting upright and looking off around us, the wonderful transparency of the water gave us the appearance of being afloat in a sea of moss, although in reality the water was many fathoms deep.

It was pitch dark when we returned, although not yet

six. When the sun sinks, darkness intense follows, with no long lingering twilight between. I did not relish my position out there in the bay after darkness fell; my only companion, although somewhat tamed, was still a savage, with all her wild, treacherous, cruel nature lying dormant in her breast ready to spring into life at any moment. I was heartily glad when our keel grated on the beach, and I saw father standing there with a lantern and a white anxious face. "Don't you ever go off with her again," he said sternly after we reached the house, "it isn't safe." And I never did, after dark.

During the eight weeks we were there, never a day passed without a shower. It never thundered; that is unknown in those regions, but it rained. Not only that, but it came down in bucketfuls. This is the way the storms come up: The day will be perfect until noon, when the sun is shining its hottest. Suddenly a small cloud darkens the sky and without any warning down comes the rain in great pattering drops. It never lasts over ten minutes, when the sun comes out fiercer than ever. I do not wonder that the natives go naked. This is only during the rainy season, which lasts six months. The other six, no rain falls at all.

Among the many discomforts and dangers of life there, fever and ague rank first. Father contracted the disease while there and it clung to him for many years.

Sydney broke out with painful sores all over his poor little body, while I had three large running sores on my ankle. I had no shoes, and one of our men made me a pair of canvas, which were much better than none. We lost nearly all of our clothes and were a sorry-looking lot when finally rescued.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN EARTHQUAKE—INCIDENTS OF SAVAGE LIFE.

Never shall I forget my first experience of an earthquake. One Sunday, the hottest I ever saw even in that climate of fearful heat, Polly and I went a short distance into the woods to gather mangoes. Not a breath of air was stirring, the leaves of the trees drooped and withered, and no soft note of the numberless birds disturbed the quiet repose. The air fairly quivered with the heat, while the atmosphere was tinged with a faint, very faint, thin blue vapor. Only the loud chirping of the insects was heard. I fairly gasped for breath, and a fierce lurid glitter seemed dancing before my eyes.

After a short walk, we entered the cool, dim recesses of the wood. The interlacing branches shut out the burning heat of the sun and formed a delightfully green shady bower. Close by lay a gigantic tree, uprooted, its roots fully eight feet from the ground. Running lightly along the trunk I was soon standing on the end of this root, where I stopped for a few minutes to rest. A few

feet from me stood Polly busily gathering the ripe yellow mangoes which she placed in a basket close by.

Suddenly a low rumble filled the air, sounding like distant thunder, while the blue mist deepened and darkened. The rumble sounded louder and louder, and the next instant I found myself on the ground, which was rising and falling and trembling like the deck of a ship at sea, while all around us was a great swish, swish, as the trees bent and tossed and shook their branches against each other. "How did I feel? What were my sensations?" you ask. Well, I cannot tell you. A mist, dark, heavy, appalling, seemed rising before my eyes, shutting off my vision. I tried to rise, scream, in vain. No sound issued from my lips. I felt as though I were in the awful clutches of a hideous nightmare.

It was soon over and I found myself lying flat on my back, gazing blankly up into the laughing face above me. The sun is shining, and I can still hear the sharp whirl of the locust. Slowly I struggle to a sitting posture, leaning my back against a friendly tree, for I feel weak and shaken. As soon as I can speak I say to Polly, who sits near and whose face is one broad grin "What has happened?" "Him earthquake, much earthquake, big," spreading out her arms very wide and still grinning expansively. "Ah! an earthquake," I reply, my fears by no means allayed. "Do you have them often?" "Oh yes," shrugging her shoulders, "two, tree

times a day him come, sometime," she answered in her musical, broken English. That is enough for me. I rise hurriedly. "Come, Polly, let's go home, we've got enough mangoes," I say nervously, fearful of there being another shock. Silently Polly obeys, and we turn our steps homeward.

"What are you laughing at?" I ask sharply, as every now and then Polly's shining black face is overspread with a broad smile, her white teeth flashing into view.

"Him tree shake missy down, so—" shaking her hand violently. Missy scared, berry scared. Him eyes look so," bulging out her eyes and putting on a look of abject terror, while peals of merry laughter echoed through the woods. I told her that she was perfectly right. I was scared. I also said I did not see anything to laugh at.

When I reached the house, I told Mr. Craig about Polly's mirth. "Oh well," he answered, "earthquakes here are of such common occurrence that the natives do not mind them at all, and always make sport of those who do. Sometimes, though, when whole islands sink they are afraid. The heavier shocks are always accompanied by a terrific storm." I thanked him and turned away. This one was heavy enough for me, and I devoutly hoped there would be no more. In this I was mistaken, as there were three more during our stay, though none so severe.

I will now give you a brief narrative of the habits of these natives. Much of it was told me by Mr. Craig, who, having been there eighteen years and having married one of them, is as good authority as I know. Much of it also was seen by myself, and I hope it may prove interesting.

These natives descended from the Papuan and Malay, and they resemble the former much more than the latter. The men bleach the hair and go entirely naked with the exception of a clout. Neck, nose, ears, forehead, arms and ankles, are loaded with ornaments, and some have rings through their noses; but the most common ornament for this member is a tiny, pointed shell no larger round than a darning needle, in the shape of a curved horn. This is stuck in the fleshy part of the nose. Shells and beads, too, are much used. Iron and brass for this purpose are very much coveted and prized. When a ship is wrecked, every bit of iron and brass is removed, even the decks being hacked in order to get the ring-bolts.

If I should tell you just how big things they could hang in their ears, you would raise your hands in horrified disbelief. I cannot blame you, for I wouldn't have believed it myself if I hadn't seen it. The men never wear either mustache or beard, but their faces are perfectly smooth. The women, the ordinary women, go entirely naked until marriage, when a short fringe is

worn reaching to the knee. The wife of a chief generally wears a short red calico skirt. The women do not dye their hair, which is long and black and as straight as an Indian's.

Boys at the age of twelve and fourteen shave their heads, leaving only a tuft above the forehead, one on the crown, and one at the nape of the neck, which gives them a most grotesque appearance. Both men and women smoke and chew the filthy betel nut. They are the most degraded of God's people, and have no redeeming traits.

They worship no God. Missionaries have been sent to them; they killed and ate them. England has sent men-of-war there to subdue them. Hundreds rose, captured the crews, murdered them, and burned their ships. They flung scorn and defiance in England's very face and derisively told her to send over some more big ships. They are treacherous, cruel, merciless.

Let me relate to you one incident which has the merit of being strictly true and fully illustrates their fiendish nature.

Once there was a bishop, who lived in London, a broad-minded, noble man, who took a great interest in the spiritual welfare of these natives. So interested was he that when the English government sent out the next survey ship he obtained permission to be one of the party. On his return, he brought with him the son of

a great chief, a little fellow of ten years of age, whom he adopted and brought up as one of his own. He was a bright, winning, little fellow, and showed no savage traits, and in time became very dear to the good bishop. But, nevertheless, this boy, young as he was, had had the first lessons of cruelty implanted in his young heart. His father had often bound some unfortunate prisoner to a tree and taught him to pierce him with the deadly poisoned arrows until the victim hung limp and dying.

All this had been told the bishop by the natives themselves, but he thought that by taking him away from his associates and treating him kindly, the boy would forget all about his earlier life. He was sent to school, where he stood first in his classes; then to college, where he studied for the ministry. He graduated with honors, able to speak several languages with ease, and was in short, a quiet, gentlemanly young fellow, who in spite of his dark skin was received in the best circles and by his winning and engaging manners won all hearts. Mr. Craig knew him well, and said he was a very handsome young man and no darker than a Spaniard.

He wished to return to his people as a missionary, and, furthermore, it was the dearest wish of his kind benefactor's heart, for he thought he could be the means of letting the holy light of religion into their darkened minds.

The bishop accompanied him, and the trip was made in a government vessel.

Arriving at the island, he was very eager to go at once on shore, where he found that his father had gone to war with a hostile tribe. At his request he was left on shore while the bishop returned to the vessel.

Left alone among his people, what do you think this elegant young missionary did? Do you think he fell on his knees and prayed God to give him strength and wisdom to teach the dusky people who crowded around him? Alas! no. Every savage instinct in him arose and crowded out his religion, his education, and his elegant manners. With a wild, exultant yell, off came the garb of civilization, and he stood once more before them, naked, with his dark eyes filled with a blood-thirsty light. Hastily organizing a band of young warriors, he hastened to join his father, and when morning dawned, he was miles on his way.

The poor old bishop was almost broken-hearted when he learned of the base ingratitude, the fiendish nature of his almost son. When they returned, victorious, a week later, the bishop met them, and going up to the young man, he begged him with tears in his eyes to return on board with him. The young fiend mocked him and told him if he said another word, he would shut his mouth with poisoned arrows. So the poor old man, with bent head and tottering steps, turned sadly

away and made his way to the boat. No sooner had they pushed off than—whizz, a shower of poisoned arrows flew among them, thrown with unerring aim by the rascals on shore. The bishop was wounded in a dozen places, and eight hours later died in fearful agony, caused by the deadly poison; but the last words that issued from his stiffened and purple lips were the tender and God-like words, "Tell him I forgive him."

This young man continued his career of blood and war. Even the savages were appalled at his ferocity, but a day of reckoning was at hand. When he reached the age of thirty he, with others of his tribe, visited Ugi. Just as he leaped out of his canoe to draw it away from the surf, quick as a flash, a monster shark pounced on him and bit a terrible gash in his thigh, tearing out a huge piece of quivering flesh. No effort was made to save him, and he bled to death a few hours later. Thus the death of the bishop was avenged.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE AT UGI.

Many times had the life of Mr. Craig been threatened, but each time his wife had found it out and warned him in time. He seemed to bear a charmed life. During the eighteen years he had lived there, he had had sixteen different men, at different times, in partnership with him; men who, for the sake of gold, were willing to take their very lives in their hands; willing to leave country, home and friends, and perhaps in the end to meet with an agonizing death at the hands of blood-thirsty savages. Not one of them ever got away alive. Every one was murdered by the savages.

Right back of the house stood a tall breadfruit tree, where in the dead of night the last partner was dragged from his bed and slowly tortured to death. Around him danced the howling, shrieking savages, now cutting thin slices from his quivering flesh, now searing it with red-hot irons. When their victim was nearly dead, they quickly ended their work by piling fagots around

him and burning him. In his room, bound and helpless, unable to render the slightest assistance, all through that long and terrible night lay Mr. Craig listening to the heartrending cries of agony of his unfortunate partner.

He had been there now so many years that he was, in reality, quite a power among them, and therefore comparatively safe.

The young German, Schemp by name, was a skilful taxidermist, and he taught mother his trade. She was an apt scholar, and in a short time could stuff a bird as well as he could. She brought home two large boxes of rare and beautiful birds, which father shot. She has them yet.

When a marriage takes place it is always attended with great pomp and ceremony. The groom purchases his bride from her father. Several whole pigs are roasted, and the natives from all the surrounding islands are invited; but no white people are allowed to be present, and Mr. Craig had never yet attended one.

They celebrated a marriage on Ugi during our stay, on the further side of the bay. There were fully two hundred large canoes, loaded with guests, who came from the neighboring islands.

Mr. Craig possessed a small electric battery, with which he has played many a trick upon the unsuspecting natives. There were nearly always a lot of them

hanging idly around. Mr. Craig would bring his battery out, usually on the veranda, and would then fill a pail with water and in the bottom would lay either a bright, shining coin, a string of bright-colored beads, or even a common clay pipe. Placing one of the battery handles in the pail, he would give the other to one of the natives, telling him if he could pick the coveted article out of the pail, it was his. Grinning with delight, the native would obey. Just as his hand touched the water, Mr. Craig would turn on a strong current when there followed such a howling and such contortions and spasmodic, ridiculous movements as one seldom sees. They were loth to give it up and would stand it as long as they possibly could. I have laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks at their absurd antics. Sometimes they succeeded in getting the present, but most often not; but the others would all want to try it once, although they never asked to a second time. When the fun was all over, the article was presented to one of them.

One day a party of warlike savages visited us. They came from San Christoval, where they had just fought a fierce battle with the natives, and come off victorious. They had killed nearly all of their prisoners, but among those they had saved was a little maiden, not over ten years of age, a plump, pretty child, with the blackest, brightest eyes I ever saw. We were informed that she

was to be killed and eaten by her savage captors that very night.

Like a flash, as I write, comes over me the sickening feeling that I felt then, as I gazed at the poor little creature who seemed so unconscious of her fate. It was more than the tender heart of Mr. Craig could stand, so for a few presents he bought her and presented her to his wife as a nurse-maid, thinking perhaps she might be useful in minding the baby. As she was brought in, Mr. Craig noticed a small, deep gash in her right side, from which the red blood slowly oozed. He asked one of her captors how that happened. He coolly replied that that was where they had stabbed her, as they intended to kill her before they left San Christoval, but afterward decided to keep her until they arrived home. We named her Topsy.

The cut soon healed, and then no monkey was more mischievous than she. All efforts to teach her anything seemed futile, and her only two redeeming traits were her sunny disposition and her great love for the baby. Never while we remained there did I ever see her bright, merry face disfigured by a frown.

Another thing which was a source of great delight to the natives was Mr. Craig's music box, as they are all passionately fond of music. They would stand around and gaze at it with awe-filled faces as it ground out the tunes at a lively measure. "Yankee Doodle" was their

prime favorite, and they would dance and shuffle their feet, a broad grin spreading over their black faces. Just think of it. A little music box playing the dear familiar tunes out in the very heart of the South Pacific to a merry band of savages.

We had some very good singers among our crew, the majority of which were English and nearly all quite young, mere boys of twenty-two or three. One of them at one time figured as "Comical Brown" in a third-rate variety show in London. He was a fine singer. Mr. Craig had a fine-toned accordion, and every evening the men would gather under a big mango tree in front of the house and favor us with a free concert. The music was very enjoyable as we sat on the veranda enjoying the cool breeze after the withering heat of the day.

Every afternoon, just before sunset, mother and I would take baby and enjoy a cool refreshing bath in the brook which flowed close by. Father used to go either fishing or gunning every day, in order to keep the table well supplied. On these trips he was accompanied by an old native, who had spent many years in the Sandwich Islands and could speak English very well. When they went fishing he would cheerfully dive for the fish which lay stunned on the bottom. He always knew where all the best game could be found. There is nothing better than a metallic pigeon nicely stewed, and they really comprised the "game."

One day father took his gun as usual and struck off into the woods. His guide was away and could not accompany him, so he went alone. Hours passed, and he did not return. Darkness settled swiftly down, still no signs of father. We were almost wild with anxiety as the minutes dragged by, and our minds were filled with the most horrible forebodings. Nine o'clock—half past—and at last we hear footsteps slowly mount up the veranda. It is he at last, but wounded.

It seems he was pushing his way hurriedly through the tangled undergrowth, not minding his steps as his eyes were fixed on a fine lot of plump pigeons some distance ahead. He came suddenly out on the high steep bank of a brook. He lost his balance and fell with much force, as he was quite heavy, in such a manner as to drive a sharp pointed stick in between two of his toes, cutting a deep gash. It bled freely, and it was with great difficulty he managed to get home.

In that climate a mere scratch is often very dangerous as gangrene usually sets in. Father's foot swelled to twice its natural size and turned almost black, and and pained him so that he was unable to sleep nights. He suffered much, but as soon as he could hobble around on crutches, he continued his hunting.

Sometimes the mate would take the long-boat and six of the men and go across to San Christoval after fruit; which was much more plentiful there than on Ugi. They

would return with great quantities of figs, bananas, oranges and a number of other varieties, some of which I had never seen before and did not learn the names of.

I think the mango the most delicious of all tropical fruits. As for cocoanuts, I very rarely tasted one unless it was very green. It would be dangerous in the extreme to eat very heartily of the ripe nuts as they are so indigestible. This father tried to impress on the crew at the earliest opportunity, and they all heeded the warning except a young German. When we first arrived there he was heard to remark enthusiastically as he gazed around on the numerous cocoanut trees, "I never had enough of those nuts yet, but now I'll bet I eat my fill." "Better not," replied one of the men, "you know the captain's orders." But the poor fellow could not resist the temptation, and he hied away to a secluded spot and ate ten cocoanuts, or at least he said he did. But he never ate any more; he had got his "fill," and the next morning he lay muttering to himself in the burning clutches of the fever. He did not die, as his strong constitution saved him, but he did not leave his bed until he was carried, weak and helpless, worn to a mere skeleton, on board the man-of-war.

About three weeks before we were rescued our cook struck, declaring he would work no longer for nothing. Of course when the *Illie* was wrecked the pay of all the crew stopped, but for all that, they were subject to

father's authority and obliged to obey him, and he kept them busy, too, thus keeping them cheerful and contented, "for Satan hath some mischief still for idle hands to do," and sailors are such peculiar people, take them as a whole, that if unwisely left to their own devices they might have attempted mutiny. None of them, however, gave any trouble with the exception of the cook. We were in a quandary. Mrs. Craig did the cooking when they were alone, but of course she could not do it for so many. In this crisis, "Comical Brown," as we called him, came forward and offered his services with the remark, "If I can't beat that old curmudgeon cooking, why then I'll give it up". His offer was accepted with alacrity and he was soon installed, and we found that he was a fine cook and, more than that, was as neat as wax. He could make a dainty dish out of nothing, as one might say, and after he took the lead we had more variety and the food was better served. We all agreed it was a pity that the cook had not struck sooner.

Thus the days passed, each one a repetition of the preceding one, until nearly eight weeks had gone by. We were daily expecting a vessel but none came, and our hearts grew sick with hope deferred, and day by day our baby grew paler and drooped more and more under the pitiless sun. Indeed, we felt that if help did not come soon, the poor little fellow would die.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

H. M. S. LARK—OUR RESCUE.

One Sunday morning, just before breakfast, I lay in the hammock and my mind went back to that far distant home in bonny Milbridge and I wondered if we ever should live to reach it. As I lay there with my eyes closed, I went over again the happy scenes of my childhood. Oh, if this horribly splendid island, with its burning sun, its luxuriant, moist vegetation, its cloying fruits, its brilliantly plumaged birds, and its naked savages, were but a dream from which I could awake and find myself back at home, with the cool breezes of the sea fanning my burning brow, with the dear home faces surrounding me!

From within I could hear the voice of Sydney crying feebly and pitifully, and with a choking sob bursting from my heart, I prayed the dear Lord to rescue us from this living death ere it was too late.

Suddenly a great commotion arose among the men grouped upon the beach. "A ship! A ship! Hurrah!"

rose in a deafening shout. "Bill" came rushing from the cook-house with a "spider" in his hand, in which he was skillfully tossing a huge pan-cake, composed of the last remnant of the meal. The rest of us, too, went down, and there, sure enough, just rounding the point was the low, black hull of a survey man-of-war with the English flag flying at her peak.

We were almost delirious with joy and deafening cheers rent the air, while mother and I hugged each other and laughed and cried in a breath. Slowly and gracefully the vessel glided along until just opposite, when splash went her anchor, and she swung easily at her moorings. We could hardly keep our eyes off the trim little craft, for she was to be our deliverance. Presently a natty little boat was lowered, the side ladder placed in position and the captain and first lieutenant in full uniform, glittering with gold lace, took their places and in a short time stood on the beach.

The captain, who was a fine, distinguished-looking man by the name of Oldham, listened amazed to our story of hardship and peril, and there were tears in his fine blue eyes at its conclusion, as he warmly assured us that our exile was at an end.

His vessel was employed by the government to survey the islands. She was three hundred twenty tons burden, carrying six guns and a crew of twenty-five ordinary seamen. She was to carry us back to Bris-

bane, and arrangements were made to start the following Wednesday.

When Captain Oldham learned how ill Sydney was, he sent his boat quickly back after the surgeon. He was a kindly, genial man, and he prescribed for Sydney, as well as for our sick sailor, and very soon a change for the better could be discerned.

How happy we were that afternoon as we sat down to a table of dainties, as they seemed to us, sent off from the Lark! What tasted the best of all was the beautiful snowy loaves of bread, a dozen of which were sent. For five weeks not a morsel of bread had we seen.

Monday morning a large trading brig arrived with a load of supplies, so we fared royally during the remainder of our stay. I had no shoes, as my canvas ones were worn to shreds, and I do not really know what I should have done had not a pair of rubber tennis shoes been found among the Lark's stores.

At last the morning fixed for our departure arrived. At an early hour we went on board, and so perverse is human nature, that a lingering regret actually came over me as I gazed on shore at the beautiful yet horrible spot that for eight weary weeks had been my home. Both Polly and Mrs. Craig stood on the beach with the children clinging around them as we glided slowly from view. Mr. Craig was with us, as he had long been wanting to visit civilization once more, and, as the Lark

would return immediately, such a rare opportunity must not be thrown away. So there he was standing among the men at the bow, waving his handkerchief to his dusky wife and babies.

We found the Lark to be a trim, staunch little craft, with much finer accommodations than are ever found on a merchant vessel, no matter what her size. She carried no cargo, and two-thirds of her below decks was cabin. Like all English vessels, she had no house on deck, but it was all below, entered by a small companion-way. There were plenty of port-holes and a large sky-light which admitted an amount of light and air. Her decks were snowy white, and every bit of brass-work shone resplendent in the bright sun. The sailors all wore the neat blue uniform of the English marines, while the officers paced the deck in their glittering uniforms of scarlet and gold. It was all novel and delightful to me. I had always had a great desire to make a voyage on a man-of-war, and now my wish would, in a measure, be gratified.

I will give you a brief description of our most comfortable quarters. As you entered the cabin from the after part, you traversed a narrow passage, on each side of which were four staterooms and the bath-room with half ground-glass doors. Next was the dining saloon. It was very long and just the width of the vessel, with a large extension table at one end.

The saloon was finished in white, with clusters of pale pink rosebuds painted on the panels. The floor was covered with rich crimson tapestry, while the seats were upholstered in crimson velvet. At each end of the room a gilded lamp, suspended with silver chains, swung from the ceiling, while over the table hung a long carved rack filled with slender colored glasses, which sparkled and flashed when the lamplight fell on them. Near the table was a glittering sideboard and just opposite a large French mirror, let into the panels, reflected the whole fairylike scene. Separated from this saloon by heavy portieres of crimson plush, was the captain's cabin, which was fully as large and fitted up luxuriously. This was courteously placed at our disposal.

They lived luxuriously on board, the table being always laden with a great variety, nicely cooked. True to the English custom, the principal meal was the seven o'clock dinner, which consisted of several courses. Now you have a faint idea of the Lark.

She was a fast sailer, schooner-rigged. and in a short time we had left Ugi far behind, and were soon clear of the islands, out upon the open sea. We had a fine breeze, and the gallant little Lark leaped and plunged through the sparkling waves, sending up the spray in glittering diamond drops, which sometimes fell with a smart swish across the decks. Mother and I sat on deck

breathing in new life with every breath of the salt, cool air, while our prison home lay many miles behind us, a mere blue mist on the horizon, which by dark had faded completely away.

It seemed like living again, when we went down to dinner. The long table covered with its snowy linen, glittering with its cut glass and silver, and laden with with choice steaming viands, was a sight that had not gladdened our eyes for many weary weeks. We were waited on by the head steward, who, adorned with a snowy cap and apron, did the duties quietly and skilfully.

After all had finished, the food was removed, and the walnuts, wine, and tiny sweet biscuits were placed before us, over which, when the weather was fine, the party lingered long, cracking nuts and relating stories of daring adventures; and vastly interesting they were too. It was the pleasantest part of the day to me. I was always interested in the drill which took place every afternoon with military precision at exactly four o'clock. Capt. Oldham gave me permission to attend whenever I wished, and I rarely missed one. As the weather was so very warm we preferred the deck to the cabin during the day.

We had one heavy gale about a week after our departure and were obliged to lay to under a storm trysail for three days. I did not go out into the saloon while it lasted, except to my meals, but spent my time in my

berth reading. The Lark had a fine library of choice books and we had free access to it, which was a great treat to me. During the voyage I first read that beautiful story, so full of love and pathos, so full of bravery, "The Scottish Chiefs." How my childish heart throbbed with pity for the hero, Sir William Wallace. For me, there was fully as much pain and sorrow when I read that book as there was of pleasure.

A few days before our arrival in Brisbane, the men got up a concert, with the captain's permission, and as the Lark carried a full brass band, this was not difficult. Two days before the performance, written handbills were passed around. At sea, every little break in the monotony is welcomed with joy, and this occasion was no exception. When the eventful evening arrived we all took seats on the quarter-deck, camp chairs having been brought from the cabin and arranged in a semicircle. Lanterns were hung conveniently near, and also a dozen torch-lights brought into requisition, thus affording an abundance of light, for it took place in the evening. All of the best speakers and singers of both crews had been selected and carefully drilled, the band played its best, and it was in fact a very creditable performance indeed. So said Capt. Oldham, who seemed to enjoy it with as keen zest as I did myself. When it was over, refreshments were served, and a very enjoyable evening was the general verdict as we repaired to our rooms.

The voyage came to an end all too soon, and when four days later we came in sight of our destination, I was really sorry. We signalled a pilot, and with a good breeze soon reached our anchorage in the harbor of Brisbane.

Capt. Oldham was to remain a week, and cordially invited us to make the Lark our home until we were ready to embark for Sydney. We thanked him and remained a few days and got what we could in Brisbane in the way of clothing, hats and shoes, as we all needed them. Our men all went on shore immediately, however, and shipped in other vessels, while our patient, still very low, was transferred to a hospital. Brisbane being such a small place we could not obtain half what was needed, so were obliged to wait until we reached Sydney before completing our purchases.

Three days later we bade adieu to our kind friends and took passage in the steamer Egmont for Sydney. She was large and roomy, and we were given a nice double stateroom outside, where we could have plenty of air.

There were a great number of passengers on board, and it was soon noised around that we were a shipwrecked party returning home, although father had told no one but the captain. Their curiosity being aroused, the passengers must need know all the particulars, and to make matters worse, there was a reporter on board

from Sydney, who was employed by the *Evening Star*, which was the largest daily paper than printed in that city. He interviewed father, who gave him an accurate account of our experience. As for myself, as soon as I ventured to go on deck, I was seized upon and besieged by questioners who begged me to tell them all the particulars of our shipwreck, and if I told it once, I told it twenty times in the course of the day, and was heartily sick of so much attention. In pure self-defence I finally retired to my stateroom and did not appear again except to my meals. What made it so interesting to them was the fact of our being cast away in such a dangerous locality, where so many ships had been lost, but so few people saved to tell the tale.

As the *Egmont* arrived at her dock very early in the morning we did not stop to breakfast on board, but went directly on shore and took a cab to a restaurant. Here my parents laid plans for the future while discussing an excellent breakfast. We learned that the mail liner "Zambia" started at noon for San Francisco, but they both agreed that our wardrobes needed a thorough replenishing before we left Sydney, and, besides, Sydney was very weak and ill yet, and we wished to have him get well before starting on another long journey, so it was decided to wait a month for the next steamer.

The next question that arose was, where should we stay? Although we had many pleasant friends in town,

still father did not feel like inflicting ourselves on any of them for so long a time, and to offer to pay for our board would be taken as a direct insult. On the other hand, if any of them knew we were so near and did not make them a visit, they would be equally offended.

Father thought that he saw a way out of the difficulty. We would go to some nice quiet hotel, in the suburbs, and live a very secluded life during our stay and avoid meeting any of them. But "Man proposes——." Just as we arose from the table the door swung open and who should appear but Mr. Roberts himself, very much flushed and heated. He advanced with outstretched hand, saying laughingly: "Such a chase as you have given me, but I was bound to find you." After greetings had been exchanged and he had congratulated us upon our escape from the savages, we asked him how he knew we were in the city, as we knew our story would not appear in the papers until night.

It seemed he had a little business to transact with the captain of the Egmont and we had just left when he reached the wharf. In the course of their conversation, the captain mentioned our shipwreck, and Mr. Roberts, who knew that our vessel was long overdue, made inquiries and learned the full particulars. Thinking we might feel a sensitiveness in accepting his hospitality, he at once set to work to find us, which was not very difficult. He cordially invited us to make Crescent Cottage

our home during our stay, and as he would not take no for an answer, we accepted his generous invitation.

Father had a great deal of business to see to in town so he and Mr. Brown did not go out to Ashfield until night. Mrs. Roberts was at home, and nearly fainted when she saw us coming, as she had not learned we were in town, but she welcomed us warmly and with great cordiality.

Crescent Cottage, their home, was about half a mile from the depot and a very pretty place, surrounded by a fine lawn and gardens. I noticed that nearly all the houses in the suburbs of Sydney were built in the "cottage" style, and each one had its name over the front door instead of numbers. I think it a very pretty custom.

We were very thankful to find ourselves once more with a comfortable roof over our heads and solid earth under our feet, as one might say, for I did not consider Ugi solid earth, as it was so frequently shaken by earthquakes. How good the soft beds felt to our tired bodies which for ten weeks had slept on cocoanut husks and the hard berths of the Lark! To be able to lie in a sweet, clean bed once more in a large, cool apartment, seemed luxury indeed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OUR LIFE IN SYDNEY.

I do not wish to dwell at length on our life here, but will mention a few incidents. Perhaps it may interest some of my readers to know how the people live so I will try to tell you as briefly as I can.

Mr. Roberts was a typical Colonial gentleman, no different from hundreds of others out there. Although fairly well to do, he was by no means rich, being what you might call a self-made man, and still young. He had been married about two years. Mrs. Roberts kept one servant, a stout, good-natured Irish girl by the name of Sarah, who did the housework and minded D'Arcy, their little son. Both the washing and ironing were put out. In Austrailia, instead of ironing their common, every-day clothes, they have them mangled and iron only the starched and fine clothes. Mrs. Roberts also bought baker's bread entirely, as did nearly every one there, and delicious bread it was too. Our coming would, therefore, make very little difference to her as

far as the work was concerned, and I helped Sarah do that.

It was now their winter, and the weather was delightful, the days being warm and the nights just cool enough to be comfortable. The air seemed delicious after the terrible heat of the south seas.

Mrs. Roberts had a lovely flower garden, through which ran gravel walks, and in which grew many rare and beautiful flowers, the like of which I had never seen before. There were great beds of fragrant mignonette, large purple violets, stately lilies, and hundreds of other flowers of brilliant color and rare fragrance. There were none I admired so much as the tall bushes of red and white camelias, whose petals look as if carved in wax. The camelia has no perfume, yet it was my favorite. I am very fond of flowers, and every morning, before the dew was off, would find me taking a stroll in the garden, stopping every now and then to look at some new beauty that had unfolded during the night, or to inhale the delicate fragrance of others.

I wish to say a word in regard to the food eaten in Sydney at that time, and how it was cooked. Green corn, or in fact, corn in any form, even as meal, is never used as an article of food. Some use it for their stock, though beans are given the preference. The latter, as well as peas, are never used as food, and they are considered fit only for the horses and sheep. That delect-

able dish, baked beans and brown bread, is unknown there.

I used to tell my young friend, Ella, what fun it was to pop corn, and how nice it was when done, and she flatly refused to believe that corn could pop. As none could be obtained to convince her, that problem had to remain, for her, unsolved.

They have a white, tasteless vegetable called vegetable marrow, which they steam and serve as we serve squash. It looks somewhat like a squash, too, only it is much smaller. Pumpkin cut in long strips and baked brown is a favorite dish. The potatoes were the largest and best I ever tasted, and are generally mashed and mixed thickly with finely-chopped parsley. They consume a great quantity of meat, the English roast beef being more in demand than any other kind. What we call pies they designate as tarts, while what they call pie is made as follows: A deep pudding dish is lined with pastry, then filled with some variety of fruit, sweetened, flavored, and a top crust put on. It is then baked and served hot. This is the favorite dessert. Cake is rarely seen, but marmalade and jam hold places of honor.

Breakfast always began with porridge, as they call it, made of certain cereals, either wheat or oats; dinner, with soup, followed by other courses, and for supper, thin slices of meat, bread and butter and marmalade were what they generally had.

An abundance of all kinds of delicious fruit may be

had there for a mere song. I must except the apple, however, which is seldom in the market. Those you see are invariably wrapped in tissue paper, as we see oranges here in Maine, and sold for sixpence each, which means twelve cents of our money. The big yellow apple was all the variety I ever saw there, and they were dry and absolutely tasteless, from being brought so far to market.

Candy goes by the name of lolly in Australia, and it was a long time before I could calmly enter a confectioner's shop and ask for a sixpence's worth of lolly without feeling my face grow scarlet. It sounded so inexpressibly silly, although Ella assured me that to them "candy" sounded just as odd.

What are called by the majority of people in New England red bananas, are known as plantains there and are never eaten raw, but are pared, sliced, or cut in halves, fried a delicate brown and served with steak or chops, and they make a pleasant relish.

As for the people of Australia, so far as my acquaintance went, I can describe them in three words, kindly, hospitable and courteous.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

I believe I have stated that Ella was a sister to Mrs. Roberts. She used to come to see me often. She was very anxious for me to spend a few days with her and stay over the Queen's birthday, which is celebrated much the same as we celebrate the fourth of July, minus the "horribles." To my great delight, I obtained the desired permission, and we departed for the train in high glee.

Ella's home was on Hill street, Surry hills, and although right in the city, was a beautiful place. From the piazza a fine view of the bay was obtained.

It still lacked two days of the fete, which time was spent in visiting the museum, the public library, and some of the beautiful parks, under the escort of Ella's older brother. The birthday of their beloved Queen dawned bright and fair, and at an early hour all Sydney was astir. It was like any gala day. There was an excursion down the bay for those who wished to go; races,

a cricket match, and numerous other attractions. The streets were thronged with people, gaily dressed; soldiers, in their uniforms of scarlet and gold; children munching peanuts and lolly; while the band discoursed lively music, and fire-crackers popped incessantly. Everybody appeared to be happy and wine flowed freely, as did other, stronger beverages, but still there were fewer drunken men than are usually seen here at home on such a day.

In the evening there was to be a grand display of fireworks in the public gardens, to which we were intending to go; but as night fell a cold, heavy mist rolled in from the sea, and it was so damp that Mrs. Kippax did not think it prudent for Ella to go as she was rather delicate. To partially make amends for our disappointment, however, Mr. Kippax bought twenty dollars' (four pounds) worth of fireworks to set off in their own garden, and we were satisfied.

The next morning I returned to Ashfield well pleased with my first experience of an English holiday. The month passed quickly away; and one evening when Mr. Roberts and father came in they informed us that the "City of Sydney" had arrived.

This was the ship that we had been waiting for, and, although I had had a pleasant time and would leave many pleasant, kind friends behind, still they were not my people, their ways were not our ways, and I longed

for home. I longed once more to hear the dear familiar Yankee tongue. So it was with feelings of keen delight that I realized that we would soon in very truth be homeward bound.

The day of our departure dawned clear and cloudless, the heavens bending above us a deep clear blue, reflected in the sparkling waters of the bay, whose tiny waves danced and shimmered in the bright sunlight. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, as well as Ella, accompanied us to the ship.

When we arrived at the wharf, we found the little tender puffing and snorting noisily as she bobbed up and down alongside, already crowded with passengers, but we managed to squeeze in and off we went.

Off in the harbor, with the black smoke from her smokestacks rolling lazily up, loomed the immense black hull of the "City of Sydney." The tender looked a mere speck beside her as we ranged alongside under the platform of the side steps. We mounted to the promenade deck and sat down where we could watch the novel scene around us and have a quiet chat.

It yet lacked an hour of the time set for our departure, and there were many things that we wanted to say at the last minute. In the meantime the tender went puffing busily to and from the wharf bringing off the remainder of the passengers. On its last trip shoreward it carried all those who wished to go.

The strong, but invisible line which is drawn between rich and poor is nowhere so forcibly illustrated as on one of these big ocean liners, where so many different classes of people are represented. For instance, the steerage, and even the second cabin passengers, are not allowed to appear on the promenade deck nor in the saloons, but their place was on the lower decks. On the other hand, none of the first-class passengers care to visit those decks. So, although I spent four weeks in this steamship, I could not tell you how they lived in the steerage or second cabin, nor how many of them there were, nor anything about them, but we were as far removed, so to speak, as though leagues instead of a few feet divided us.

I at once decided that life on board one of these floating palaces, as they are rightly named, would be one long dream of delight, nor was I mistaken. The scene around us was very animated, and also very noisy, but still there was perfect discipline through it all. As soon as the passengers were all on board, the live stock which would be consumed during the voyage, was towed off in lighters and hoisted on board. There were ten large, fat oxen, several cows to furnish fresh milk, and thirty sheep, beside several hundred hens and piles of fresh fruit and vegetables. The last ox was killed the day before we arrived in San Francisco, so there were none too many.

There were three hundred and sixty first cabin passengers on board when we left Sydney. The harbor was looking its best. On either side stretched the fair, verdant shores, dotted with white houses. The dear old stars and stripes fluttered gaily from the flagstaff, and all things seemed set to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Quite near us lay an immense steamship with the smoke rolling from her stacks. She was gaily decked in bright colored bunting, while from her stern floated the English Colonial flag. Gaily dressed people stood in knots on her decks, while we could see a brass band stationed among them. She was literally surrounded with small craft of all descriptions. Presently her bell sounded its warning note, her screw began churning the water into foam, while the band struck up the familiar air, "God Save the Queen," and she moved slowly and majestically down the bay, while enthusiastic shouts filled the air. Thinking there must be something out of common in the wild enthusiasm, I turned to Mr. Roberts.

"Pardon me," I asked, interrupting his conversation, "but will you tell me what ship that is?" "That is the Australasia," he replied. "When you were here last she was at the bottom of the bay, with very little hope of saving her. Various methods were employed to raise her, and a vast amount of money spent, but without success. Finally an enterprising Yankee undertook the job, and you see before you the result. She was raised,

thoroughly renovated, and is today making a short trial trip down the harbor." I thanked him and turned to watch the big steamship with renewed interest until she disappeared around a bend. Presently the great bell close to us gave out its short, warning clang. Instantly there was a rush for the tender that lay bobbing up and down alongside. A close, clinging embrace with Mrs. Roberts and Ella, a hearty handshake with Mr. Roberts, a hurried, tearful good-bye and "God bless you," and we were watching through tear-dimmed eyes the friends who had shown us such unremitting kindness, as they were carried swiftly shoreward. In all probability we shall never see them more, but still they will ever remain to us a tender memory. •

CHAPTER XXXI.

A FLOATING PALACE.

Presently the whistle blew with a hoarse, reverberating sound; a tinkle of bells far below, the screw began to revolve and we were fairly off. My joy at the thought of going home was so great as to be almost painful; while I was more than content with our present luxurious quarters. I will try to describe this ship, which is a facsimile of many others, for the benefit of those who have, perhaps, never been on one of these mail steamers.

The promenade deck ran fore and aft, and was a beautiful place on which to take a stroll. Midway was the saloon called the social hall, and farther forward was another small cabin containing the captain's and first officer's quarters, besides one or two staterooms. Well aft, a short flight of steps led down to a fine large smoking room, situated on the middle deck.

The social hall is lighted by rows of plate glass windows, and a door on each side opens on to the deck.

The floor is covered with a soft, bright carpet of the richest Brussels. Running along the sides of the room are seats, upholstered in crimson velvet. From the ceiling depend three large chandeliers of incandescent lights and at one end stands an elegant upright piano; at the other a large bookcase of choice books. From the center a wide, carved staircase leads down to the middle saloon.

The woodwork in all the saloons is very dark and rich and highly polished, relieved by the crimson furnishings.

The middle saloon is much like the social hall. At one end runs a long, narrow corridor, lined on either side with staterooms. Still another grand staircase leads to the dining saloon, which is magnificent in its appointments. Running back from it is another corridor lined with staterooms, while at each end was a large double stateroom, one of which we occupied. At the farther end was the bath room and lavatory. Port-holes admit light and air into this saloon in fair weather, but in rough weather it is dark, as they are below the water-line.

Three long tables extend the entire length of the dining saloon, presided over by the captain, the first officer and the doctor. Over each were suspended swinging racks of beautifully carved black walnut, filled with delicate colored glasses. At each end of this sa-

loon large French mirrors were sunk into the panels, under which were the elegant sideboards glittering with silver and glass.

At the seven o'clock dinner, when the electric lights are turned on, it is truly a fairylike scene. The staterooms are so very like that in describing one I describe them all. One side of our stateroom is occupied by two large double berths, before which hang in graceful folds snowy curtains of finest lace. A soft carpet covers the floor. At the opposite side stands a plush-covered couch. In the center is a marble wash-stand with its silver faucets with hot and cold water. Over it hung the ship's rules and regulations, framed neatly in black walnut. The stateroom is lighted by the port-hole by day, and by night one tiny incandescent globe.

Although the City of Sydney was an American ship, yet its meals were served on the European plan. At six in the morning coffee was served in the staterooms for those who wished it; at eight, breakfast in the saloon; at one, luncheon; at seven, dinner, at which the ladies appeared in ravishing evening toilets, many of them ablaze with diamonds, while the gentlemen would be in conventional evening dress. At half past eight tea and cakes were served.

We were waited upon by fifty Chinese and three white men in snowy caps and aprons, who were thoroughly skilful in their art. When we were seated, a menu card

would be placed in our hands, and on it was everything that could be asked for. No swell hotel on Fifth Avenue can show a more elaborate bill of fare than do these great ocean steamships.

The long snowy tables, glittering with their cut glass and silver; the fair ladies in their rich dresses, sparkling with jewels; the sweet-perfumed air; the swift-footed waiters, moving noiselessly about, every movement reflected in the immense mirrors; the soft, subdued hum of refined conversation, broken occasionally by a burst of silvery laughter; over all the brilliant glare of the electric lights, produced a picture that amid poverty and sickness has never been effaced, but stands out before me as clear and distinct as if it were but yesterday.

Mother and I had no evening costumes, but in our neat, becoming travelling dresses, were given as much attention as if we were robed in sheeny satin and blazed with jewels.

There were a number of titled people on board, as well as a few celebrities from the world of music and song.

Each morning I arose early and took Sydney on the promenade deck to play before breakfast. I was loth to lose one moment of the happiest hours of my life.

There were no girls of my own age among the first-class passengers, and only one boy, [of] about fifteen, Herbert Paul. He was travelling with his father, a

noted London judge, who was on pleasure bent. There was one young fellow of twenty, the son of an English Earl, who was also travelling for pleasure, to whom I was introduced, and we soon became great friends. He was so kindly, so thoroughly unassuming, one could not help liking him. This young man's name was Thomas Sault, but he is now the Earl of Cheshire.

Our first stopping place was Auckland, New Zealand. We were there only a short time, and none of us went on shore. Several passengers joined the ship at this place, among them being a famous Irish comedian and his wife and a young medical student. We were soon on our way once more with a three weeks' voyage before us, when, if all went well, we should arrive in Honolulu.

The young medical student was the greenest specimen of humanity I ever saw, had more money than brains, and many were the jokes played on him by the fun-loving passengers. We had fine weather for over a week, the sea just rippled by a cool delightful breeze, and we plowed along at a spanking rate with all sails set to ease the screw.

Every morning our speed would be determined and the number of miles we had travelled in the past twenty-four hours reckoned. A sailor would bring the log up on the promenade deck, and while the log-line was running over the stern, the officer of the deck held aloft

the tiny hour-glass. When the last grain of sand ran out, the line would be quickly drawn in and the figures given to the waiting passengers who crowded around, watching the proceeding with great interest.

Two or three times a week came the fire drill. First would come a long, hoarse whistle three times in succession, which would bring everybody rushing on deck, while with lightning-like speed four or five lines of hose would begin playing on an imaginary fire. A second blast from the whistle, and the men sprang to the ropes ready to lower away the boats. A third blast meant lower away the boats, but as this was only a drill, it was not carried to that length. The rapidity with which the men executed the orders was something marvellous.

The evenings were spent in the social hall, and there was always music and singing of a very high order. Quoits was a favorite game with the gentlemen and was played on the upper deck when the weather permitted, but to me the game seemed very senseless.

I am sorry to state that gambling was carried on to an alarming extent, fortunes being made and lost, sometimes in a day; but everything was perfectly orderly, with no swearing or loud talk. No matter how much a man lost, he bore it without a murmur. They used to play in the dining saloon during the evening.

I call to mind one man, an American, who had been in Australia many years and had amassed a large for-

tune in sheep-raising. He was now on his way back to the United States where he could spend his days in prosperity among the companions of his boyhood. But alas for the frailty of man, the fatal fever of gambling caught him in its relentless grasp, and nearly his entire fortune was swept away. This is an object lesson drawn from life which I hope all my young men readers will take a solemn warning from. I felt very sorry for him as I met him sometimes pacing the deck, and saw the white, stony look of despair on his face, for he never recovered any of his squandered money, but kept aloof from all the rest of the passengers. Still he could blame no one but himself.

The weather had been delightful for nearly two weeks and the days slipped by, a perfect dream of delight. At last we encountered a heavy gale which lasted three days, during which time the engines were stopped and we lay to under a mere rag of canvas.

Mother and I were up as usual, but the saloons presented a very deserted appearance, none of the ladies being present and but few of the gentlemen while the storm raged. Hitherto we had felt the motion very little, but in a big storm we found that a monster steamship can roll and pitch about fully as heavily as any small craft. No waves swept across the promenade deck however, only sometimes a heavy cloud of spray would dash smartly across it. I used to take my daily

constitutional every morning while the gale lasted, regardless of wind or weather. I had been to sea so long that I could keep my balance perfectly on the heaving deck.

Among the passengers was an old Baronet, fully seventy years of age, but still hale and vigorous, and reported to be immensely wealthy. He seemed to take a great fancy to me, and used often to join me in my walks.

On the first morning of the gale, as I emerged from the social hall, well wrapped up, as the air was chill, I immediately perceived him sitting curled up in a sheltered corner by a ventilator. I gave him a pleasant good morning and commenced walking up and down the heaving, bounding deck, every pulse in my body thrilling and tingling under the influence of the strong, rough breeze, that almost took my breath away, and the occasional smart dash of spray that came falling at my very feet. Presently the Baronet de Rothschild arose very unsteadily and joined me. It was plain he was a very poor sailor indeed and his attempts to keep by my side were so amusing that I had hard work to keep from laughing outright. With every violent lurch of the steamship, he would slide with alacrity across the deck, bringing up against the bulwarks with unpleasant force. After one or two attempts, he gave it up and sat down with the remark, "You must be a better sailor than I

am, Miss Brown." "Well, sir," I answered laughingly, "I certainly ought to be, as I was brought up on the ocean."

Nothing would do but I must sit down beside him and give an account of some of my voyages. Nothing loth, I complied and related with great detail our story of shipwreck and life in the South Sea Islands, and so interested was he that we were still talking when the luncheon bell rang.

You cannot imagine what a queer feeling one had, particularly at night, when with every roll of the ship, the port-holes were buried fathoms deep. The foaming water against the glass had the exact appearance of snow piled against the windows, as I have so often seen it at home.

We went to bed early while the storm lasted, as the saloons looked empty and forlorn, and there was nothing to keep us up. On the morning of the third day, however, when we opened our eyes our stateroom was flooded with the welcome sunlight, and the blue, smiling ocean seemed to have forgotten its late wild anger. Although the wind had gone down, there was still a heavy swell.

Never thinking of this, mother threw open the port-hole, and with Sydney in her arms stood drinking in the delicious breeze, bathed in the glorious sunlight; but her exhilaration was short-lived. In another instant she was bathed in something a great deal more substan-

tial, as a huge wave rushed up to bid her good-morning, and enveloped her in its wet embrace.

The room was quickly flooded and they were thoroughly drenched. We had a good laugh over it, however. A waiter was summoned, who closed the port-hole and soon had the water mopped up.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VISIT FROM NEPTUNE.—HONOLULU.

We were now rapidly nearing the equator, and the rumor was whispered that, at the instigation of the passengers, the sailors were preparing a big surprise for the green-looking student who frankly admitted that he had never crossed the line. Many and varied are the tricks played upon those unsuspecting ones who have never crossed that invisible boundary line.

Stretching a fine hair across the spy-glass and bringing it to bear on the horizon dead ahead and bidding the innocent victim to look through it and he could see the equator, was, perhaps, the most common, and rarely failed in its purpose.

Well, the night arrived when we were to cross the equator. There was no moon, but the deep purple heavens were thickly studded with stars, which were reflected dimly in the glassy ocean. Mr. Blake, our green and verdant passenger, was escorted down to the main deck by the gentlemen, nearly all of whom were pre-

sent, although of course no ladies were included. At the proper moment, half a dozen sailors, dressed up to resemble old Neptune and his staff, clambered up over the ship's bow and, after making a short speech, seized the astonished student, who had been gazing at them with bulging eyes and open mouth, never doubting their identity for a moment. They liberally bedaubed his face with thin tar and scraped it off with a razor, after which performance they disappeared as mysteriously as they came.

Afterwards, in the course of the evening, he entered the social hall. I noticed that the young man's face had the hue of a boiled lobster, but was also wreathed in smiles, so he did not seem to mind the joke very much after all. We entered Honolulu harbor late one night when we were all wrapped in slumber, and when I awoke the next morning I was surprised to find the engines silent and the steamship stationary, as I did not know we were so near port. I dressed as quickly as possible and hurried on deck. It was still very early, and very few of the passengers were astir. We were moored to the wharf, and all around us were crowds of vessels, but very little of the city could be seen from the deck.

As I stood silently contemplating the scene before me, the door of the social hall opened and my old friend, the Baronet, advanced towards me. He told me that as we

should be here some six hours he would be pleased to take me for a drive, as he had visited the place before and could point out many places of interest to me. I was much elated at the prospect, and ran down stairs to ask permission of my parents, which was readily granted, father remarking that he, too, was intending to take mother for a drive.

As soon as breakfast was over we started out. The Baronet hired a two-seated landau drawn by a handsome pair of ponies, and driven by a native neatly attired in white duck. At his request, my parents and Sydney accompanied us.

Honolulu is the capital and largest city of Hawaii, and is a famous health resort. The native people are gradually dying out, but there is a large American and European population and most of the trade is carried on by them. Sugar is the chief export. Honolulu nestles at the foot of a lofty mountain, and is a cleanly and beautiful city. We drove through the lovely, shady streets and out past the palace of the queen, who has since been dethroned. We stopped at a fruit store on our way back and the Baronet presented me with a large bag of fruit and delicious bonbons.

Three hundred more first-class passengers were here added to our list. The most of them were Americans, and I was glad indeed to meet with my countrymen, even though they were strangers. Our ship's doctor, Good-

speed by name, at whose table we sat and who had shown us such unremitting kindness during the voyage, especially to dear little Sydney, who was fretful and ailing from teething, here received very discouraging news.

During the voyage he had told us something of his life. He had practiced medicine in San Francisco for years and had accumulated enough property to build him a nice house in the city, but had very little besides. His health began to suffer from too close application to his work, so he took this voyage as ship's doctor, hoping it would benefit him, and it had. But now came word that his house in San Francisco had been burned flat, and that nothing had been saved. The passengers when they heard of it made him up a substantial purse and presented it as a slight token of their respect and sympathy for him.

As we moved slowly from the dock, a fine brass band, stationed on the wharf, struck up the dear, familiar tune, "Star Spangled Banner," followed by "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the music sounded very sweet as we moved farther and farther away.

Mr. Sault stopped off in Honolulu to explore the islands for pleasure, but he intended also to do the the United States, and I had his promise that before he left for England he would pay us a visit at Milbridge, a promise that he fulfilled nearly five months later. He came to Milbridge and stopped with us two weeks. At

the age of twenty-one he came into an earldom and one of the finest properties in England. He wrote us an account of the event, and father has the letter yet.

Soon after our departure from Honolulu, it transpired that an American lady who boarded the ship at Auckland, as a steerage passenger, was very ill, and if she were not removed from her present crowded quarters the chances for her life were slender indeed. She had told her story, which was a most pathetic one, to Dr. Goodspeed.

It seems that she and her husband had gone to Australia soon after marriage to seek their fortunes. They had amassed quite a nice property and were blessed with three darling children. All was as happy as a marriage bell, when a wave of disaster swept over her that almost crushed her. Their property was swept away by fire, and everything they owned was lost. Her husband, utterly discouraged, sold his land for a mere song and started for the coast, intending to return to his native land.

It was a long, weary journey in wagons under the burning heat of the sun. One by one their little ones were stricken down and died, until none was left to comfort the heartbroken parents. Still they pushed on, but within two days' ride of Sydney her husband died very suddenly, overcome by the heat probably.

They had one faithful black servant, Wannekee, who

buried his master, then carried his unconscious and well-nigh dying mistress into Sydney and left her in the hospital; there she lay for weeks, hovering between life and death, but grew better and slowly struggled back to life. As soon as she was able to travel, she went to Auckland and from there took passage on this steamship. She had a little more than enough money to purchase a steerage ticket, but barely enough to take her all the way to her friends.

The kind-hearted doctor related this story with tears in his eyes one day at luncheon, and the hearts of his audience were touched. A subscription list was speedily started, and several hundred dollars were quickly raised for her benefit. She was tenderly taken from her dark, crowded steerage quarters and installed in a cool, airy stateroom in the middle saloon, while the stewardess was paid extra to take the entire care of her.

Under these favorable conditions and the unremitting care and kindness shown her by all of the passengers, as well as the better fare, she speedily gained health and strength and courage to once more take up the battle of life, which for her had seemed ended.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GRAND CONCERT—SAN FRANCISCO.

Shortly before our arrival at San Francisco, a grand farewell concert was to be given in the social hall. Among those who took part was a German violinist, one of the most celebrated musicians in all Europe, and the finest player I ever listened to. He was to tour the United States and was accompanied by his daughter, who was a prima donna of no mean attainments. Her two little children were with her, bright, pretty children, both of them. Then there was a famous professor of music, and his wife, who played several wonderful duets on the piano; the Irish comedian, who not only recited several side-splitting pieces, but played and sang as well, his last song, "Oh, 'Tis Not Mesilf at All," bringing down the house. His wife, a young, slender thing, played very sweetly on the guitar. Taking it all together, we had a fine concert, and one which was thoroughly enjoyed.

And now each day was bringing us nearer port. I

was sorry ; I could not help it. I had been so happy that I hated to think of the near-by future, when we would have to bid good-bye to the noble ship and all of our kind friends. It seemed like the breaking up of a pleasant family circle, albeit a large one. I was not even glad when, one beautiful morning, we sighted the three great rocks which stand like sentinels grimly guarding the Golden Gate.

By four o'clock, we were steaming up that beautiful harbor, and as I thought of the last time we sailed through here, my eyes filled with tears, and a great wave of sadness swept over me. As we neared the anchorage and the beautiful city of San Francisco, a young Englishwoman said to me rather superciliously : "Why, do you have wharves in America? I hadn't an idea it was so large."

It fired my blood in an instant. "Well," I answered, "San Francisco is a very small part indeed of America, and I guess you'll find that we have wharves and everything else, and lots that you have never seen yet. Where are you going?"

"To New York," she answered. "I suppose we will reach there by tomorrow, will we not?"

"Well, hardly," I said smiling. "If you go by the fast express, you will reach there in seven days." She was surprised, and hardly knew whether I was joking or not.

Now here was an educated woman, who could form

no conception of the vast extent of our republic, and she did but make the mistake that thousands of her countrymen have made.

I was taking care of Sydney, while mother was below packing our valises. Sydney had been a great pet among the passengers during the voyage, and in his dainty white dress, his golden curls clustering around his baby face, and his big blue eyes shining like stars, he always attracted a great deal of attention, and I was very proud of him, and glad to be his nurse.

Suddenly the whistle blew a long, resounding blast, making the deck fairly tremble under us, and down went the anchor with a crash. Our journey was over.

The tender was already alongside, into which the passengers were pouring. On deck all was hurry and confusion, but we soon found ourselves on the tender, which puffed noisily towards the wharf.

It was now quite dark, and as I gazed back at the immense hull, now all glowing with lights from its numerous portholes, and thought of the many happy days I had spent on board of her, a lump rose in my throat, and my eyes were so misty with tears that all the lights seemed conveyed into one blinding glare.

Most of our late fellow passengers were going to the Palace Hotel, at that time the finest in the West, if not in America. Father did not feel equal to paying twelve dollars a day in view of our recent losses, so we stopped

at a first-class, yet less pretentious house, the Truesdell, situated a block away from the Palace. Here also came the German violinist and his daughter.

We stopped here two weeks, during which time we took dinner with Aunt Kate, and visited many points of interest in and about San Francisco. We made a delightful trip to Golden Gate Park, and rode out to the far-famed Seal rocks, and took dinner at the Cliff House. The sun was shining gloriously bright and warm, and the rocks were covered with the beautiful seals, sporting and gamboling in the snowy surf.

We also went all through the Palace Hotel. It covered over two blocks, was eight stories high, built of grey stone, and there was a bay window in each room. The rooms were of immense size. The grand staircases were of pure white marble. The reception room was carpeted with softest, richest velvet pile, and its walls were hung with paintings which reached from floor to ceiling, and must have each cost a fortune.

We took the elevator and ascended to the top story, where there was an immense dome of richly colored glass. The main entrance was large enough for a carriage and pair to drive through with ease.

My father had a cousin residing in Oakland, which is just across the bay from San Francisco, and thither we went one cold foggy morning.

The sail across the bay in a large steamer was beau-

tiful, although it was somewhat foggy. . When nearly to Oakland, the sun suddenly burst forth, in all its warmth and splendor, dispelling the mist as if by magic.

Oakland is a beautiful place, with flowers everywhere; handsome houses are the rule, rather than the exception, and many of them were surrounded by gardens that were one blaze of color, with tiny fountains sending up their silvery spray, to fall back with a cool, pleasant tinkle into the marble basin. Here and there was a gleam of statuary among the green shrubbery.

The distance to Cousin Leonard's was short, and as we walked along the cool, shady streets, father remarked that he should like nothing better than to spend the rest of his days in this beautiful town. We found our cousin's residence to be one of the finest in Oakland. They were much surprised to see us, never dreaming that we were within thousands of miles. Father had not seen Cousin Leonard since they were young men together and you may be sure that conversation did not lag.

As we intended taking the east-bound train at four o'clock, we took dinner with them, and they accompanied us to the depot.

I will mention only a few incidents of our journey across the Plains, as nothing of importance occurred. We took our meals in the dining-car, but had a basket of lunch besides, as we might need it between meals.

We had a section in the Pullman sleeping-car, which was luxurious in its appointments, as all of them are.

It was in July and oppressively hot. Mother had great difficulty in procuring milk for Sydney, which he must have, especially in crossing the plains and among the mountains. We had to pay forty cents a quart for it, and even at that price it would require a powerful magnifying glass to detect any cream on it. As the Irishman said about the butter, "It must have been photographed on."

I have mentioned before Cape Horn and the Devil's Slide, so I will say nothing beyond the fact that we again rounded the former in the night, so we could not see any more of it than we did the first time.

The night we crossed the Mississippi was a beautiful one, and will always linger pleasantly in my memory. It was about nine o'clock and I was lying down when mother came and told me that we were right in the middle of the bridge which here spans the river at its widest part.

Soon we were standing on the platform gazing at the scene before us.

The train was moving very slowly, and just a faint ripple stirred the silent waters. Before and behind us lay the dark outline of either shore, while the full moon shone overhead.

Of course we met several people on the train with whom

we became acquainted. Among them was a noted lawyer of San Francisco, who had invented a very important article and was now on his way to Washington, D. C., to have it patented. His name was Craig. Although still in the prime of life, he was very deaf and used an ear-trumpet. He was a great talker, however, and as he became quite intimate with father, he used often to talk with me.

Sydney met with quite a painful accident one day. Of course he was very restless, and used often to run up and down the aisle; but one day as he was laughing and running, he caught his foot in a seat and fell heavily, striking his head with stunning force against the leg of the seat, cutting a great gash in his forehead from which the blood gushed freely. Father carried him into the toilet room, and after cleansing the wound thoroughly, the edges were drawn together with sticking plaster. It gave us quite a fright.

It was father's intention to stop over a day in Chicago to get somewhat rested, as the weather was so very warm. Accordingly when we arrived we left the train and were driven to the Palmer House, which was then the finest and also the largest hotel in Chicago. We were shown to a beautiful room in the third story, where we enjoyed the luxury of a bath, after which we felt much refreshed.

As soon as dinner was eaten, my parents went out to do

some shopping. I was content to remain in our room with Sydney, watching the animated scene in the street below. We retired early as our train left at seven the next morning.

As soon as breakfast was concluded, we were driven to the depot, feeling much better, and shortly we were again rushing swiftly homeward. It was late at night when we arrived in Portland, and were driven directly to the boat, which would take us to Milbridge. We were all very tired, and when we awoke the next morning were well on our way.

It was a lovely day, and my heart beat high with joy at the thought that in a few hours more I should again see my sister. I was all impatience, and the boat seemed to scarcely creep along. All things come to an end, however, and four o'clock found us slowly steaming up the dear old Narraguagus.

As we neared the wharf, I looked eagerly for my sister's face among the crowd who were gathered there. She was not there, and, with a strange sinking at my heart, I turned away. I was glad when the handshakings and greetings from our numerous friends were over, and we were seated in the carriage, rolling swiftly along the road to Aunt Med's.

Here we found Annie waiting for us. She had grown, certainly, but had not changed one whit. I was so glad, because you have all known what it is, perhaps, to be

absent two or three years, or longer, and on your return find every one so changed in appearance that it gives you more pain than pleasure, until you become accustomed to it. I asked her if she had worried much when the weeks flew past and no tidings came of the missing Illie, and by the quick, pained look that leaped for an instant into her dark eyes, I was answered even before she spoke.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOME ONCE MORE.

I could not help being amused by the manner in which Annie had first heard the news of our disaster. Elmer Sawyer, the son of one of our neighbors, was a schoolmate of Annie's at the E. M. C. Seminary at Bucksport. His father was a shipbuilder, and not only built the Illie, but was a large shareowner in her as well. Of course Annie was very uneasy at our long silence, and went to the office every night in the hope of getting some word. One night as she was returning she was joined by Elmer.

"Have you heard the news?" he questioned.

"What news?" she asked eagerly.

"Why, they say that the Illie is lost, hook and line."

It was rather an abrupt way of putting it and gave Annie quite a shock, but still no one knew for a certainty. The ship that we had spoken two weeks before our wreck, had arrived and reported. Then, as the weeks passed and no news came of the missing Illie,

long, long overdue, surmise grew to certainty, and although my sister is a girl of few words, scouting anything approaching sentimentality, I could understand all the longing, and agony, and heart-hunger, that she must have endured, even while obliged to pursue her daily studies, under a mask of seeming indifference.

I was glad to be at home once more, and never wished to leave it again. A year passed very pleasantly, and it was again summer. Father thought that it would be a pleasant change to hire a small yacht, and take a fishing trip down the bay, to be gone two or three days. We engaged the "White Lily," a small yacht, and the party consisted of my parents and Sydney, Aunt Med and myself. Annie did not like the water, so did not accompany us.

Our outfit was a small canvas tent, a few cooking utensils and a hamper of food, and our destination Baughbaugh, one of the outer islands of the bay, where nothing grows except quantities of highland cranberries. The island is bold and rocky, and faces the ocean on two sides, while off the other two are other islands.

We had some difficulty in landing, as it was quite rough, and by the time the tent was up and supper eaten, it was dark.

We went to sleep, lulled by the booming of the surf on the rocks below us. When we awoke the next morning no bright sunshine and balmy breeze greeted us ;

instead, a dark, lowering sky, a stormy sea, and a cold, drizzling rain. The surf beat against the rocks with a noise like thunder, but the yacht, lying at anchor a short distance from shore, under the lee of the island was weathering the storm bravely, although she strained and tugged at her anchor, like some live creature.

After much trouble a fire was kindled under the lee of a big boulder, and soon the fragrant odor of boiling coffee was wafted to our nostrils. As soon as breakfast was eaten, father got into the dingey and rowed out to the yacht. He was bound to catch some fish, storm or no storm, and was soon out of sight, bound for the fishing grounds.

Aunt Med and I, notwithstanding the rain, set off to pick some cranberries. We wanted to improve our chance as we should probably not come again for the season. Noon brought the fisherman, wet and hungry, A chowder was soon made, which tasted delicious as our appetites were considerably sharpened by the rough salt winds. It was rather too rough to fish, and as the storm showed no signs of abating, father decided to wait until night, and then run up to Pond Island, and remain another night, and see if he wouldn't have better luck with the fish. There are a lighthouse and keeper's cottage, as well as a few handsome summer residences, on the island. We were well acquainted with the keeper's family and it was agreed that Aunt Med and I

should go on shore and spend the night at the keeper's cottage, mother and father preferring to remain on board the yacht.

It was a dark, stormy night, and the keeper's cottage was very cheerful, with its glow of lamp and firelight. A capital supper having been partaken of, we were shown over the lighthouse by the keeper's wife, a cheery, bustling little woman, who seemed delighted to have us there. I had never been inside a lighthouse tower before, and was very much interested in all I saw. The brilliant light sent its warning far out over the troubled waters, bidding all mariners beware. At intervals we could hear the boom, boom, of the steam fog-horn at Petit Manan, three miles or thereabouts outside.

We were up quite early the next morning, to find the storm still continued unabated. As soon as breakfast was eaten we made our way to the beach, as we did not think father would care to stay and fish in the cold rain. When we reached the beach, however, there was no yacht in sight, and nothing met our gaze but the long, foam-capped rollers, chasing each other in shore. While we were wondering what could have become of them, the yacht gracefully rounded the point, and came to, right opposite, her sails fluttering in the breeze. Leaving the sails as they were, without even letting go the anchor, father set the tiller and, jumping into the dingy, rowed rapidly toward the shore.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A MOMENT OF PERIL.

Scarcely had we taken our seats when I cried, "Look father, the yacht is moving." The sea was quite rough, and the little craft had plunged with such force as to throw the tiller out of the notch in which father had placed it and was now moving faster and faster away from the shelter of the island. The little boat lay well over as she felt the full force of the wind and was headed straight for Egg Rock, a wicked-looking reef, against which the waves threw themselves furiously, while the spray flew high in air.

Mother and Sydney were asleep in the cabin, and we were fully a quarter of a mile distant. If the yacht struck before we could reach her, they were doomed. No power on earth could save them. We hallooed, we shouted, we screamed at the top of our voices, hoping that mother would hear, but no sound came back except that of the rushing waters. Fortunately the strong wind bore our voices toward the yacht.

Father rowed like a madman; his face pale as death, his lips quivering pitifully as his labored breath forced its way through them, while the veins stood out on his forehead like whip-cords. The oars bent like straws beneath his powerful strokes, and the little boat fairly flew through the water, while we made the air ring with our shouts.

Oh God, in Heaven, would she never hear! With tears streaming down our faces, drenched with the chilling spray, aunt and I stood in the bow of the plunging boat and screamed until we were hoarse.

Straight as though an experienced hand held the tiller, with scarcely a flutter of the sail, the White Lily sped on to her doom. The cruel rock was now very near, and the noise of the surf drowned our voices, but we were gaining on her.

Suddenly up from the companion-way stepped my mother, gazing in a bewildered way about her. Awakened suddenly from a sound sleep, clad only in her night-robe, which fluttered in the wind, on her feet a pair of scarlet worsted slippers, over her shoulders a scarlet knitted shawl, her glorious hair falling like a veil around her, never had she looked fairer.

"Down with the helm! hard down! Kate, for God's sake!" almost sobbed father, whose breath was nearly spent.

We saw her glance towards us, then at the cruel rock

which loomed so near; and with lightning speed she seized the tiller. We saw the boat quickly pay off and pass the rock so near as almost to graze it, but mother was saved and in a minute more she was in father's arms crying and laughing in a breath.

He blamed himself severely for his carelessness which came so near ending in a tragedy. Sydney was still sleeping quietly. It seems father had been out fishing since daylight, and when he left the yacht to go after us had spoken to mother, but she, scarcely heeding what he said, had fallen asleep again, almost before he was clear of the yacht.

We now decided to return home as the storm seemed to have set in in earnest. The rain came down in sheets while, to make matters worse, the wind was dead ahead. That meant a long three hours' work for father, as we should have to beat up to the wharf. As for us, snugly sitting in the little cabin with the rain dashing against the sky-light, let the yacht tumble and plunge as much as she liked, we cared not.

We had now been home nearly a year, when father electrified us all by proposing to sell our home in Mil-bridge and buy a farm. He was under the impression that life on a farm would just suit him, and, although he knew very little about farming, it would be a delightful occupation to learn. Mother heartily seconded the idea, but to us girls it was far from welcome.

To move away meant the rude sundering of the tenderest ties. Here we were, surrounded by kind friends and loving relatives, and the very thought that strangers would occupy the rooms, every one of which we loved, was sadder than all. Why, I loved every timber in the old house, every tree in the yard.

The following Monday, father set out on his quest for a farm, the interior of the State being preferred. We were to pack the goods while he was absent. He had already had an offer made for the place.

With heavy hearts we lent what aid we could, and soon confusion reigned supreme. A week passed, when we received from father a telegram saying he had succeeded and would be home the next day. True to his promise he came, his face beaming with delight. He had bought a farm in the town of China; had heard of it through a friend, and pleased with his glowing description of it had run up to have a look at it himself.

He was so elated with the beautiful scenery surrounding it that he had closed the bargain on the spot. Lakeside Farm, he named it and pictured it to us in glowing colors. After this, for about four weeks, pandemonium reigned. All those who have moved will appreciate the situation, I am sure. It was a hundred and fifteen miles to China, and there were several routes one might take, each one having its charms. All the articles must be carefully packed, as they would be shipped by boat as

far as Portland, then by railroad to Getchell's Corner, and from there they must be trucked to China, a distance of seven miles. And finally the entire house must be cleaned; and so from morning until night we worked, eating our meals when convenient, on a box or anything else that would serve as a table. Our parents were going two weeks in advance of my sister and me, and we intended stopping over a day or two in Portland.

At last the day of their departure came; the load of goods had been hauled to the wharf, the house sold, and we repaired to our grandmother's, where we were to spend the week. Our parents, with Sydney, went with our team, going by easy stages via Ellsworth and Belfast as my mother had relations in both places. Grandmother hated the thought of parting with us. As she used often to say, "we seemed just like her own children."

We spent the week in making calls and bidding farewell to our favorite haunts. The day before our departure, I went to bid farewell to mother's grave. Long I lingered, kneeling in the short grass at her side, while I thought with a strange sinking in my heart of the new life opening before me.

I had brought a basket of flowers with me and these I arranged and laid tenderly on the grave.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OUT FROM THE OLD LIFE INTO THE NEW.

The next morning dawned fair and bright. Very early we were astir, and as soon as we had eaten a hasty breakfast, we bade grandmother and Aunt Julia good-bye, and hurried to the wharf with quite a party of our friends in attendance. We found the steamboat already there, and so went directly on board, and sat down where we could easily talk with our friends on shore. Noise and confusion reigned supreme. Men with loaded trunks, came running down the gang-plank, with a rattle and bang, depositing their load, then rushing back for more. Belated teams were hurrying up, and leaving anxious passengers, clouds of steam were escaping, and orders were horsely bawled.

The last truckful of baggage was run on board, the gang-planks drawn in, and promptly on time, the lines were cast off, the wheels began to revolve, and we were fairly off, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, and the cries of "Good-bye, girls, you'll be sure to write, won't

you?" from our numerous friends on shore. We were soon gliding swiftly down the bay, but still we gazed until a bend in the river hid them from view.

We had brought a lunch with us, in preference to dining in the saloon, among so many strangers, and so when noon came we remained on deck and ate it. We had a pleasant run; scarcely a ripple stirred the glassy waters of old ocean, and when night came, and the moon rose, flooding the scene with a calm, serene radiance, long we lingered enjoying the perfect beauty of the night. We took berths in the ladies' cabin, and as none were ill, we obtained a good night's rest.

When we awoke the next morning we were in Portland. The sun was shining brightly and we found ourselves the sole occupants of the cabin. While we were hurriedly dressing, the stewardess came in and informed us that a young man had come for us. Of course it must be one of our cousins. On entering the saloon, a tall young fellow arose and came towards us with outstretched hand. We did not recognize him at first, until he said: "Have you then forgotten your cousin, Stephen Morse? I think I must have changed more than yourselves, as I should have known you anywhere."

Of course we remembered him then, and were very glad to see him. Stephen was our Aunt Abbie's stepson, and had come to escort us to her home.

We had a very pleasant time indeed during our stay, and I, for one, was heartily sorry when we found ourselves on the train en route for Getchell's Corner. We arrived at four o'clock that afternoon, and found father at the depot. The glamour of his new possessions had not worn off, evidently, for he looked happy and contented. All the way home, he could talk of nothing but the farm and the delights of country living.

It was about the first of May, but the roads were in much better condition than they were in Milbridge, as the seasons are earlier here.

"It isn't very muddy here," Annie remarked at length, very quietly, during a pause in the flow of country praises. "Mud!" father answered contemptuously; "why, there ain't mud up here until July," and as he jumped out a few minutes afterwards, to loosen the check rein, and landed square in a mud puddle, we smiled audibly. Well," he said laughingly, "I spoke too soon, didn't I?"

I didn't see much to admire in the much-lauded scenery, as we drove along. Nothing but a hilly country road, with here a few houses, there a small strip of woods, until we reached the top of Stanley hill, and stopped a minute to rest the horse. On either side rolled hill and dale, clad in softest spring verdure, the vivid green of the young grass, and the darker color of the evergreen trees, making a pleasing contrast. A

number of neat white houses were clustered together on top of the hill, while off to the right gleamed the blue waters of a lake.

Our farm was only two miles farther on, and we soon drove up to the door, where mother and Sydney awaited us. We certainly could find no fault with the house. It was large, roomy, and comfortable. At one end stood a noble elm, while three or four other shade trees adorned the yard. The scenery was fine. The white road wound past the house, and on the opposite side the fields of undulating green sloped down to the edge of the lake, which lay like a broad ribbon between the fair, smiling shores. From its centre rose a small, thickly wooded island, its dark green foliage making a pleasing contrast to the bright, blue waters of the lake.

I grew to love that lake in all its moods—hardly twice alike. Sometimes it would be like a sheet of glass, and the trees along its margin would be reflected on its silent bosom, as in a mirror; at other times it reflected the unsurpassed tints of the sky, palest pink, shading into delicate blue, or rich orange, or soft pearly gray, and then I think I loved it best. Sometimes it would look black and sullen, and the white-caps would chase each other on its troubled bosom.

My first night on the farm was a wakeful one to me. Not a sound broke the stillness, but the faint croak of some frog. I must confess that I was terribly home-

sick, and would have given all that I possessed, to have awakened and found it all a hideous dream.

In time I got accustomed to farm life, and even, in a measure, contented, but I never grew to love it. We had several cows, and of course, I was very much afraid of them, never having been used to seeing them around. There was one among them, jet black, with a sinister, white face, that was my pet aversion, and she seemed to take delight in tormenting me. No matter where I caught sight of her, she would make a dash for me, head down and tail in the air.

One day, when father and the hired man were in a distant field, plowing, the cows broke into a choice field of grain, across the road. Quite a high bank skirted it at this place, and it was on the top of it that we first perceived the intruders. If it had been a drove of lions, we could not have felt greater consternation. Straightway a council of war was held. One of two things must be done. Either we must drive those cows into the barn-yard, or else we must inform father of their presence. In order to do the latter we would have to pass them, and that dreadful white-face was among them. Neither Annie nor I would go, although mother pleaded and threatened. At last she said she would go herself, no cow should drive her. She was not afraid of them; she would drive them out herself, and not bother father, who had quite enough to do besides. So,

arming herself with the broom, woman's weapon, she dashed bravely across the road and up the embankment, with us watching her admiringly. We heard a wild, blood-curdling shriek, and saw mother charging down the bank, minus the broom, while the white-faced cow calmly appeared at the top.

Mother's courage had vanished, so, going up stairs, we frantically waved a red flannel shirt from the window, at father. Our signal was seen and we saw him running toward the house, closely followed by Irving, the hired man, who was probably under the impression that the house was on fire, or that some great calamity had overtaken us. The cows were soon in the barnyard, and when we told our story, father called us a courageous set, and Irving came near strangling in his efforts to keep from laughing.

One night father was obliged to be away from home quite late, and Irving was on a short vacation. I thought to myself, how nice it would be to go after the cows, and thus save him so much trouble when he returned, tired and weary. Our cows never by any chance came home by themselves, but were generally to be found at the farthest end of the pasture, among the trees, which ran back nearly a mile. I took one of the neighbors' little boys with me for company, Georgie Wentworth, perhaps nine years of age. I trudged along bravely enough until I espied the herd in the distance,

with old white-face in their midst. I hardly dared to venture farther, and stood there undecided, until I saw the old cow make a threatening move to investigate, when with a few flying leaps, I gained the fence, and scrambled over, while Georgie stood gazing after me in astonishment. He drove them home for me, however, and I followed a good distance behind.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW BROWN BESS ATE THE PUDDING.

I will relate just one more little incident about cows, while we are speaking about them, although it happened some years later. Father soon sold the entire herd of cows, and replaced them with a choice breed of Jerseys. One of them had a young calf, only a few weeks old, that mother named Brown Bess, and she soon became a regular pet, even going so far as to follow father into the kitchen.

One day, mother thought an orange pudding would be liked for dinner, so she made it and piled it high with snowy frosting. When it was done, mother took it into the pantry and placed it on the broad window ledge to cool. How good it did look! When we were ready for the dessert, mother rose and went into the pantry after her pudding, but Ah me! what a sight met her astonished gaze. The window sill was low, and as she entered, Brown Bess lifted her mouth, dripping with custard and frosting, from the dish, with a questioning

look in her big, melancholy eyes. If she could have spoken she would probably have said: "That is very good indeed, and I am glad that you were so thoughtful as to place it within such easy reach." Well, we had to laugh, even though we lost our pudding.

There were many pleasant diversions from farm life, which we fully appreciated. The lake abounded in various kinds of fish, such as pickerel, perch, black bass, and others. I was passionately fond of angling, and used often to go and although I never caught anything larger than a perch, I always enjoyed it. Then there was a fine stretch of beach, and nearly every warm day through the summer would find us at the lake, enjoying a bath in its clear waters.

In the winter, when from shore to shore stretched one glistening crystal expanse of ice, we would spend many an hour, gliding along on our skates, our cheeks glowing and our eyes brightening with the healthful exercise. In the summer months, we often took long rides through the surrounding country and would see many truly lovely bits of scenery.

At last a sad accident happened to our carriage horse, Kate. She was always at our disposal, as father did not work her, for the very good reason that she refused, although a better carriage horse never wore the harness.

I remember the first and last time that father tried to make her work. It was in haying time, and he put

her into the horse rake, but she instantly bolted, throwing father off and smashing the rake.

One day in the early part of winter, in a blinding snow storm, he harnessed her into the sleigh and went to the village. In half an hour, we saw father coming back, minus the sleigh, leading the poor animal, which was quivering with pain. She had stepped in a hole and broken her leg, and she had to be killed. We had taken our last ride after our pet horse, and we missed her sorely.

Annie and I attended the high school in the village two terms, and we also went to the district school a few terms. This was kept in the traditional little red schoolhouse, situated a mile from home. Inside, it was a revelation to us, but was only a pattern of hundreds of other country school-houses, with its rough benches, hewn and whittled by many a mischievous hand, its uneven floor, huge barrel stove, and ample wooden shutters. But many a pleasant hour have I passed in that old-fashioned house.

We were very fond of walking, and never rode to school, unless the weather was unusually bad. I liked the scholars very much, but there was one among them, a tall, slender girl with laughing black eyes, who was a veritable tease. She it was who used to catch big green grasshoppers, or tiny toads, and pop them under the teacher's bell, and her face always expressed inno-

cent concern, when, on lifting the bell, out would spring the unwilling prisoner, and the teacher would generally emit a feminine shriek.

One day on coming home we espied a dead milk adder in the road. Vesta ran forward, caught it by the tail and started for us. The mere sight of a snake always turns me sick and faint, and I ran, screaming with terror. Vesta went up to Annie, who disdained to run, and laid the cold clammy coils about her neck. Although Annie's face was ghastly in its pallor, she neither spoke, nor offered to remove the obnoxious reptile, but walked slowly along. If I had been in her place I should have died outright. When Vesta found that her plan for teasing Annie had failed, she removed the snake herself. She was always up to all sorts of tricks, but was withal a warm-hearted girl.

A year passed, and a baby sister was added to our household. She was a wee, delicate little thing from the first, but she crept into my heart, and I held her cherished there. She was named Florence, and was a great contrast to our sturdy, rosy-cheeked little brother.

About this time we received the very sad news from grandmother that Aunt Julia was dead and that she was going out to Minneapolis, where she had three sons living, to spend the rest of her days. I immediately went down to Milbridge to bid her good-bye, and stopped with her until she departed for her new home. It was a last

farewell, for in less than six months our beloved grandmother was brought back, dead; and was buried beside her daughter, who had gone but a little while before.

When Florence was a year old, Annie went away to Westboro, Mass., to work, and all the world seemed to grow dark. I missed her more than I can say, and life seemed twice as dull.

Thus matters went on until I was eighteen, when I met my fate in the shape of a tall, handsome young fellow with bonny brown eyes, but who had nothing to recommend him but a common school education, an honest heart, and a pair of willing hands to work for the girl he loved. My father bitterly opposed the match, but in the face of this opposition we were married. We turned our faces to the West, which has lured so many young people from their eastern homes, a few to meet with success, but the majority to be sadly disappointed.

My husband's father, who was engaged in lumbering, lived in Hinckley, Minn., and thither we went. We had a very pleasant trip out, although it was in July and the weather was uncomfortably warm. But I was used to travel and enjoyed it with a keen zest.

When we reached Grand Haven, Mich., I suggested that we leave the train and cross Lake Michigan by boat. It would be so refreshing after the heat of the cars.

It is eighty-six miles across to Milwaukee where we

were to again board the train. We started at midnight, and when we awoke the next morning we were well on our way. There was no swell, and the steamer glided smoothly on. Hastily dressing we stepped on deck. The sun was shining bright and warm, and the blue waters danced and sparkled merrily, while a cool, delicious breeze tempered the heat. It was all novel to my husband, who was country born and bred, and, although he had made one trip out West, had never before been on a large steamboat.

We walked to the forward part and stood gazing over the bow. The boat, with a full head of steam on, was cutting the water like a knife, sending the glittering spray to each side. Away to our left lay the dark outline of the land; besides that, nothing could be seen but water and sky. One can hardly realize the vast extent of the Great Lakes until one has seen them and travelled on them. We arrived in due time in Milwaukee, a beautiful city, where we had to wait until night.

When we reached Minneapolis, we stopped over a day as I wished to call upon my uncles, who resided there. One of my cousins had married the daughter of Charles A. Pillsbury, one of the largest flour manufacturers in the West and also one of the wealthiest. They lived in a magnificent grey stone mansion, surrounded by superb gardens and hot-houses.

Minneapolis is a city in which I should like to live.

It is very large and gives one the impression of not being crowded. There are no narrow, cramped streets, with tall, dingy buildings on either side shutting out the pure air and sunshine as there are in so many of our large eastern cities. Instead, there are broad avenues lined with beautiful shade trees. Tall buildings there are in plenty, but they are not all in a bunch; they are allowed room. Electric cars are largely used on the streets, yet once in a while would be seen a street car drawn by a pair of long-eared mules. Mules largely take the place of work horses in Minnesota, although seldom seen on a carriage.

Monday morning we took the train for Hinckley, where we arrived at about noon. I had never seen a western frontier town before, and my heart sank, it was so different from what I had pictured it. Hinckley, at that time, was a small town, but it was of mushroom growth; and when it was destroyed by fire, two years ago, it was a large, thrifty place of considerable importance. It was at the junction of two lines of railroad and had a fine saw and shingle mill, also a planing mill that cost \$75,000. Small as it was, it yet boasted of six large saloons, well fitted up, and having whole fronts of plate glass. There were four large hotels, a schoolhouse, erected at a cost of \$7,000, and less than five hundred houses. There were two churches, Catholic and Swedish, four general stores and a drug store,

Some of the streets were laid out well, while others were still full of stumps.

The inhabitants were mostly Swedes. Lawlessness reigned supreme, although there was a good lock-up and a sheriff. A week before our arrival, a man was stabbed to death in one of the saloons, and the murderer was not even arrested. Murders were very common and rarely taken any notice of.

I made very few acquaintances, and there was only one family the members of which I could call friends. They were Scotch, and had recently moved from St. Paul.

We were there a year, and it was the longest year I ever spent. I never knew the meaning of the word homesick before, but I soon learned. We boarded, and as my husband was away at work during the day, the time hung heavily on my hands.

During the berry season I went nearly every day to gather them as they were very plentiful, and I was glad of any diversion. I could not attend the class of entertainments that were frequently held in the town hall. Nor were there any beautiful drives to be enjoyed.

Outside of the town and completely surrounding it were thick woods, with nothing but rough tote roads spanned every few rods by corduroy bridges. Nothing was used lighter than Bain wagons to which were hitched a sturdy pair of mules or Indian ponies.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A WINTER IN A LOG CAMP—BACK TO MAINE.

We went cranberrying twice while we in Hinckley. The berries were large, flat, and speckled red and gray. They call them moss berries out there, but they are much nicer than those that are grown in the East and not nearly as sour. The swamps, of which there were four, lay on either side of the railroad track and about two miles from Hinckley. It was in these swamps that two hundred and fifty corpses were found after the great fire. My husband's father was one of the victims of that terrible catastrophe. Half a mile farther on is the small pond, in which the passengers on the burning train took refuge during that awful day, and were eventually saved.

Little did we think as we calmly picked our berries and laughed and talked merrily, that it would ever be the scene of such a tragedy; a tragedy that has never before been excelled in the history of our country, unless, indeed, I except the great Johnstown flood.

There was one small cyclone while we were there, but beyond blowing a few chimneys off and uprooting a few trees no damage was done. The country there is level, for the most part, but the heavy forests break the force of the wind to a great extent. Thunder showers are very frequent and terrific ones they are, too, much heavier than we have them in the East.

We lived four months in a logging camp in the midst of the thick forest, and although it was certainly a novel experience, it was anything but delightful or even pleasant. The camp was owned by my husband's father, Mr. Reynolds, who owned miles of choice timber land and who always lived in his camp during the winter months, getting out logs and railroad ties. I could have remained in town if I had chosen, but as my husband was at work for his father, and as the camp was only two miles out, I decided to go. My husband built a one-roomed log cabin for our own use, and there was a large board camp of two rooms, in the larger of which we took our meals, the smaller being occupied by the cook, his wife, and three small children.

There was a large log camp used for the men's sleeping room and the log barn. They were built on the Grindstone river, which could be easily forded at any time during the year except in the spring, when swollen by the rains, for a short time it became a raging torrent. I was very lonesome, and sometimes would cry for

hours for home. At night the woods would resound with the long-drawn howls of the wolves, that in a storm would boldly venture to our very doors.

One night a wildcat climbed upon our low roof and snarled and clawed, but as it could not gain an entrance, it finally went away.

Life at the camp was even more monotonous than in town; but someway, the long, cold winter drew to a close, and March came in cold and blustering. We had intended to remain the year out at all events, but my health suddenly failing, we decided to return to Maine without delay.

We had a disagreeable journey back on account of the snow. When we reached New York State, we found that the roads were entirely blocked, and we had to wait two days before they were clear; and to cap the climax, when we did once more get started, we hadn't gone more than twenty miles when the wheels of our car broke. We were badly shaken up and very much frightened, but the engine was quickly stopped, and fortunately no one was injured.

We were very tired when we finally arrived in Waterville, having been on the way seven days. But all things, good or bad, come to an end in this world, and at last we arrived safely in China, where we went directly home. They were very glad to see us; and how nice it seemed to be at home once more. I felt as

though I never wished to travel again, that Maine was good enough for me.

I have three bright, sturdy children of my own, who love to listen to the story of my travels. After having travelled thousands and thousands of miles, having crossed the ocean and recrossed it many times, though still young, I am now perfectly content to bury myself in a rural New England town, happy in the love of my husband and children.

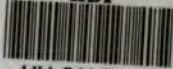
The romance of my life is ended ; and if my readers can glean instruction or entertainment from this true story of my life, my mission will be more than fulfilled. I ask nothing more than to pass the remainder of my life in my dear old native State, surrounded by loving friends ; and when my work on earth is done, to be permitted to join my angel mother, whose eyes were closed in their last, long sleep on the blue, fathomless ocean.

THE END.





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